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The Christmas Number of ... The Sketch



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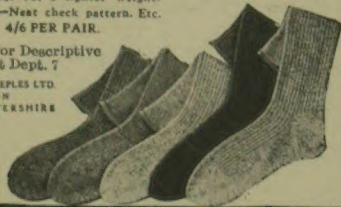
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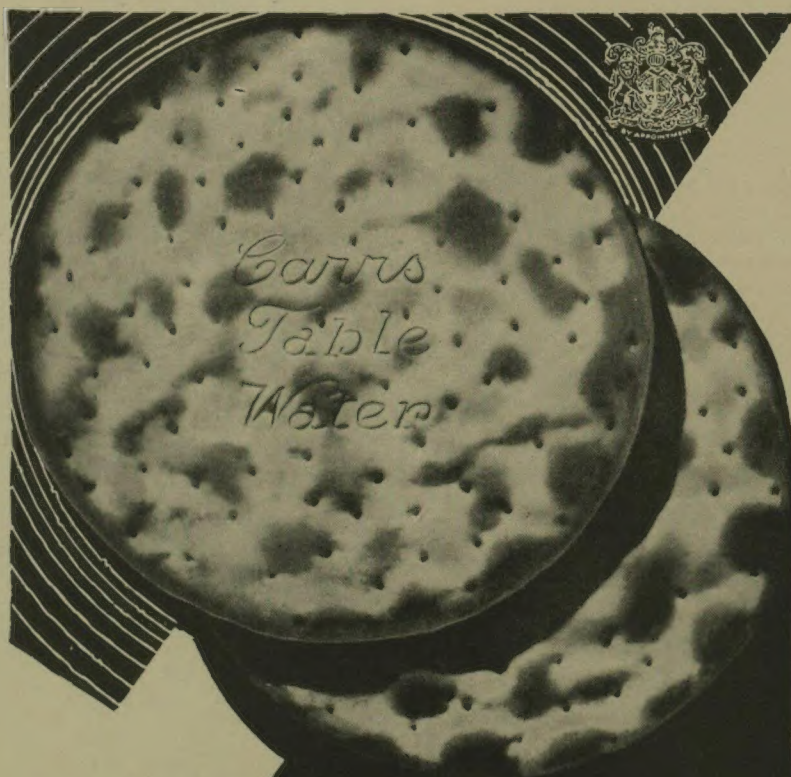
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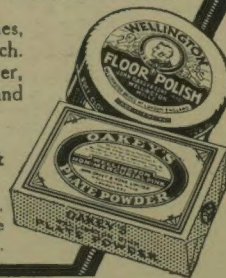
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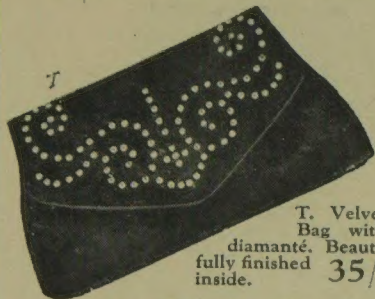
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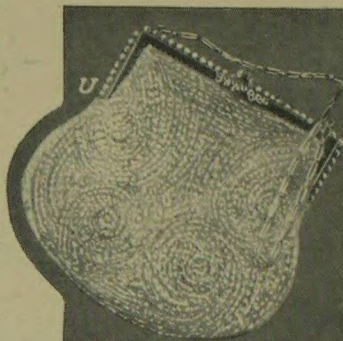


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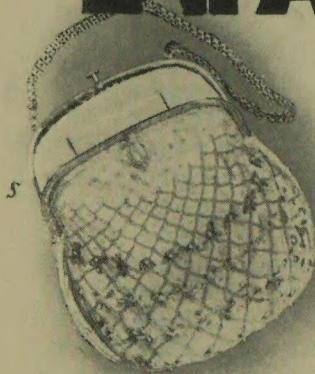
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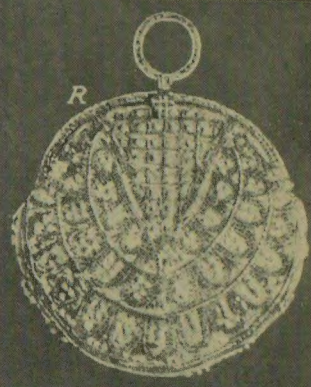
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Visiting Picturesque Portugal, Madeira—the Garden Island of the sea—and the mysterious forests of the Great Amazon

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Christmas—Yes!
but
"Mummy's
gone."



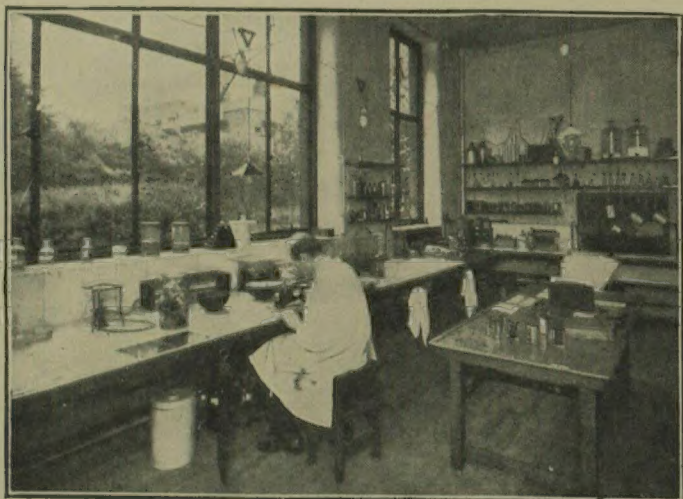
THE WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

HAS NEARLY 4,800 SUCH
LITTLE ONES IN ITS CARE.

**PLEASE SEND THEM
A CHRISTMAS GIFT**

to the Secretary, REV. A. J. WESTCOTT, D.D.
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays" and payable "Waifs and Strays."



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The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. Numbers of cases from all parts of the world attend the Radiological Department, where the latest approved methods of treatment are applied.

An Urgent Appeal is made for £150,000 for a new Radiological block and other extensions which will add eighty beds to the hospital; and also for radium.

Please send cheques, crossed Coutts & Co., to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital

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ON HOPE AND OTHER MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

THERE is an old legend concerning Pandora, and it is this. When she opened the box forbidden to mortals, all the ills of humanity escaped with the exception of Hope (put there to counterbalance the ills)—and Hope was only saved because Pandora, in her fright, quickly closed the lid of the box. Hope is a great boon, yet life for many to-day is almost without it. Often one reads of an out-of-work man destroyed by his own hand—simply because there seems no hope of work.

It is the influence of the Church Army that brings renewed hope to such human derelicts. The work is of an evangelistic order, and it operates throughout the world. Hundreds of evangelists and sisters of the Church Army, working under the direct guidance of the clergy, go out into the world to face overwhelming odds on behalf of the homeless, the needy, the criminal, and the sick. All through the year this work of solace continues, never slackening, and at Christmastide the task becomes even more severe and exacting.

The Church Army will again this year distribute hundreds of Christmas parcels to the poorest of the poor; it will organise Christmas Dinner-Parties throughout this country, and its invitation will extend to countless men, women, and children who otherwise might face a bare table. The parcels of food will each cost 10s., while £5 will provide for ten families; the Christmas Dinners will cost the Church Army more money, yet it is already making preparations, feeling sure that its work will be recognised by a sympathetic and understanding public. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., will gladly acknowledge gifts in money sent to 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Imagine meal-time for a family of 8291 boys and girls and babies, not just once occasionally, but three times a day and every day in the year. Think in terms of bread and butter, jam, milk, fish, meat; and think also in terms of boots and shoes by the thousand; like-wise socks and stockings. This is the family supported by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and it is the largest family in the world. And Christmas fare for all these needy boys and girls means, of course, heavier bills for Barnardo's. So here is a Christmas opportunity—10s. to Dr. Barnardo's Homes will bring in return the joy of feeling that, for at least ten days at the Festive Season, you are feeding one orphan and destitute little one. An illustrated booklet, entitled "The Gateway to Happiness," has been issued by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, showing that for 64 years they have been dealing with the nation's orphan and destitute children. They have admitted over 109,250 such children under their charter, "No destitute child ever refused admission." On an average, 5 are admitted daily. Of their present family of 8291 children, 473 are crippled or afflicted in various ways; 1264 are babies under five; 1095 are under industrial and technical instruction; and 400 are in training for the sea services. Cheques, drafts, and orders may be made payable: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1, England. Postal Notes from Australia and New Zealand may also be sent, but these should not be crossed.



TWINS: TWO OF THE WAIFS AND
STRAYS SOCIETY'S FAMILY OF 2558
BOYS AND 2225 GIRLS.

A little book called "The Other Half of the Circle," issued by the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, gives a graphic and concise account of the manifold activities of this hard-worked cause. The Homes maintained by the Society in England and Wales number 108, and at the present moment 2558 boys and 2225 girls are being cared for. In addition, there are 3 Homes in Canada. Since its inception 50 years ago, 34,000 destitute children have come under the Society's care, and all over the Empire are citizens who owe their careers and even their very lives to the unremitting work of this splendid organisation. Gifts and cheques will be most gratefully received by the Secretary, the Rev. A. J. Westcott, at the Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.11.

The Royal Northern Group of Hospitals consists of the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway; the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road; Grovelands Hospital of Recovery, Old Southgate; and the Reckitt Convalescent Home, Clacton-on-Sea, and, with 400 beds, provides the largest general hospital service in

THIS
CHRISTMASTIDE
PLEASE REMEMBER
THE

405 Beds
5,752
In-Patients

264,816
Out-Patient
Attendances

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY

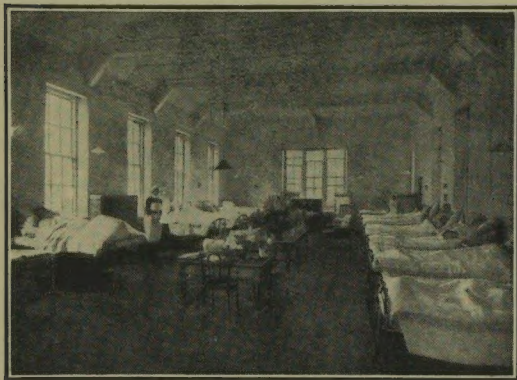
LONDON N.7

£19,000 is desperately needed before the end of the year for maintenance only.

North London. Its district covers over 70 square miles, and during 1929 5752 in-patients were received and the enormous number of 264,816 out-patient attendances dealt with. To maintain these services, an annual income of £98,600 must be raised. Of this amount, less than five per cent. is assured from endowments. Donations, subscriptions, and legacies towards the work of the group, in whose area lie some of the poorest districts of London, would be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Gilbert G. Panter, Royal Northern Hospital, N.7.

All lovers of dogs will be intrigued by Mr. Rowland Johns's newest book, "Let's Talk of Dogs," which is illustrated with twelve drawings by Len Naylor. Mr. Johns is the secretary of the National Canine Defence League, and his book, touching as it does most entertainingly on the friendship which exists between human beings and dogs, pleads the cause of the dog in a most effective manner. Published by Methuen, "Let's Talk of Dogs" makes a very readable and enjoyable gift-book.

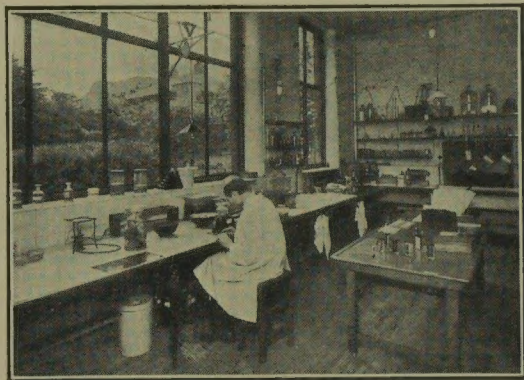
The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3, is another organisation which we would bring to the urgent notice of our readers. This institution is engaged in treating patients by the latest approved methods and carrying on, at the same time, an unremitting research into the causes and possible cure of cancer—that dreaded scourge of the modern world.



AN INSTITUTION WHICH IS FURTHERING EQUALLY THE MARCH OF SCIENCE AND SOCIAL BETTERMENT A CORNER IN A WARD OF THE CANCER HOSPITAL, FULHAM ROAD.

The Hospital is staffed by eminent surgeons, physicians, pathologists, and researchers, and no expense is spared in providing the most up-to-date appliances. There can be no question, therefore, that every penny given to the Cancer Hospital (Free) is a contribution

to the alleviation of suffering, and to much-needed and very beneficent research work. Poor patients are admitted free, without letters or payment, and a number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. The Cancer Hospital (Free) must raise £150,000 immediately, to pay for an entirely new Radio-logical Block and other much-needed extensions, which will add 80 beds to the Hospital. When completed, the Cancer Hospital (Free) will be the largest hospital of its kind in the country, if not in the world. Please send your cheque (crossed Coutts and Co.) to the Secretary at the Hospital.



THE CANCER HOSPITAL: ONE OF THE LABORATORIES OF A GO-AHEAD INSTITUTION THAT DESERVES EVERY SUPPORT FOR ITS APPEAL.

University College School is now about to celebrate its centenary. The School was founded in Gower Street in 1830, and removed in 1907 to new buildings in Hampstead, which were opened by his late Majesty Edward VII. Though many very eminent men owe their education to the School, it has never had any endowment except its land and buildings. An appeal for endowment is now being made to Old Boys, and to others who may feel that the first school in this country instituted free from all doctrinal restrictions deserves security and independence. A copy of the appeal, with full particulars and details of the proposed centenary celebrations, will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary, Mr. T. R. Potbury, University College School, Hampstead, N.W.3, to whom also contributions can be sent.

The Spirit of Giving is the Joy of Christmas.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

have acquired Esher Place, Esher, as a Home for 180 girls, and make an urgent appeal for **£5,000**, which is needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use.

YOU MOTHERS AND FATHERS, with children of your own, if only you could see some of the homes in which children live you would be amazed that such things could exist to-day.

Please send a gift, and make your own Christmas time happier in the knowledge of having helped others.

"BLESSINGS FOLLOW GIFTS"

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD; FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., Chairman and Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq., Deputy Chairman: LORD DABYNGTON, Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq., Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

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DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



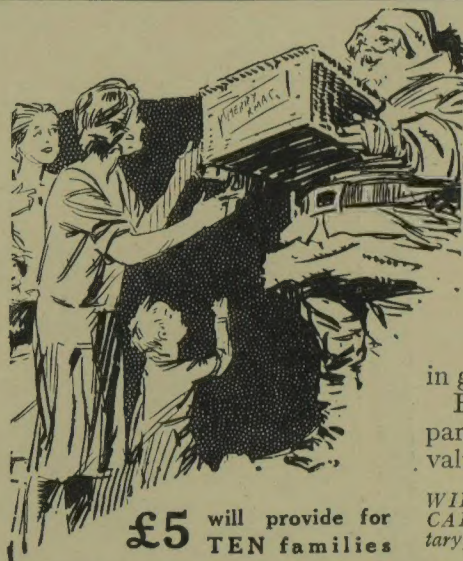
8,291
children being supported.

10/-

will feed one child for ten days
at the Christmas Season.

**Please be Santa Claus to a destitute
little one this Christmas.**

Cheques and Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 92, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



IS THAT MY PARCEL?

FILLED with good things, sufficient to last a family over the festive period, the Church Army's parcel is bringing Christmas happiness to many homes in genuine need.

Bought in large quantities each parcel costs 10/-. The retail value is about 14/-.

£5 will provide for
TEN families

WILL YOU send a gift NOW to PREB. CARLILE, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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GRANNY'S BOOK OF FAIRY STORIES. A remarkably cheap book of many pages, with a host of illustrations. Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. Cover by JOHN HASSALL, R.I. 3s. 6d. net.

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TOMMY WHITE-TAG THE FOX. A delightful story. With eight full-page illustrations in colour by FRANK ADAMS. 5s. net.

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Illustrated List of Books suitable for presentation, post free on application.

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GIFT BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

THIS year, again, the Christmas gift-books offer an embarrassment of riches. The list of those to be mentioned here numbers nearly forty, and a certain brevity is therefore indicated. Christmas being a religious festival—a fact that is sometimes apparently overlooked—it will be proper to begin with the one and only volume among the whole number that has a sacred character. This is a large and beautiful edition, bound in parchment-like covers and illustrated in colour, entitled "The Book of Psalms." From the Version of Miles Coverdale, as Published in the 'Great Bible' of 1539. With an Introduction by Francis Wormald, of the Department of Manuscripts, British Museum, and Facsimile Reproductions of eight Illuminated Folios from the Fourteenth-Century Manuscript known as Queen Mary's Psalter (Halton and Truscott Smith, Haymarket Press. Ordinary Edition, 37s. 6d. Edition de Luxe, £10 10s.).

Christmas, again, is essentially a celebration of childhood, and this gives the clue to the title of another volume of ample proportions, called "Important People." By J. H. Dowd (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 15s. Presentation edition, limited to 200 Copies, 42s.). Mr. Dowd, who is, of course, a well-known *Punch* artist, gives us here a series of utterly delightful pencil drawings of children and their amusements. These are prefaced by a charming essay, interspersed with little stories, from the pen of Brenda E. Spender.

Next we come to a group of books suitable only for grown-ups, and consisting of luxury editions of four standard works with a wealth of modern (sometimes very modern) illustrations. All these emanate from a publishing firm noted for this class of production—John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd. The four books in question are "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling." By Henry Fielding. Illustrated by G. Spenser Pryse (35s.). "The Duchess of Malfi" and "The White Devil." Two plays by John Webster. Illustrated by Henry Keen (21s.). "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by S. G. Hulme Beaman (12s. 6d.); and "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." By Thomas De Quincey. With Illustrations by Sonia Woolf (21s.). This last book, besides "The English Mail Coach" and "The Nebula in Orion." Some contemporaries of De Quincey, including Coleridge, are represented in a dainty little book recalling an old-fashioned vogue in gift-books, entitled "The Annual." Being a selection from the "Forget-me-nots," "Keepsakes," and other Annuals of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Dorothy Wellesley. With an Introduction by V. Sackville-West (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.). The book is pictured with prints and drawings in the manner of the period.

Sport has inspired several very attractive volumes. That well-known sporting artist, Mr. Lionel Edwards, has done numerous pencil drawings in his best style for a large volume of fox-hunting verse called "Forard-on." By Rancher (*Country Life, Ltd.*, and New York, Scribner; 21s. Edition de Luxe, 63s.). Landscape and the beauty of Nature predominate over the sporting side of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's many exquisite dry-points illustrating "An Angler's Anthology." Collected by A. B. Austin (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 21s. Presentation edition (100), 5 guineas. Unillustrated Edition, 8s. 6d.). This is a large and beautifully printed book. Akin to it, but covering a variety of pursuits, without pictures, is an "Anthology of Sporting Verse." Selected, with a Preface, by E. B. Osborn (Collins; 6s.). Of an obviously instructional character is "Practical Jumping." By Major J. L. M. Barrett. Illustrated by Charles Simpson (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 10s. 6d.). Horses have often provided matter for comic authors and artists, but a horse with a sense of humour in itself is something new. Deliriously funny are the tales and numerous two-colour drawings in "Hildebrand," by John Thorburn. Illustrated by "The Wag" (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 10s. 6d. Presentation edition (150), 42s.). Although ostensibly told to two little girls, the stories will divert their elders too.

Among the books about other animals, it is, perhaps, a sign of a new fashion in pets that two works representing extensive study and appreciation are devoted to the feline race. One, of which we may say more on another occasion, is a work of historical research, namely, "The Cat in the Mysteries of Religion and Magic." By M. Oldfield Howey. Illustrated partly in Colour (Rider; 18s.). More of an entertaining study is "Cats' Company." By Michael Joseph. Drawings by B. F. Dolbin (Bles; 15s.). The cat again takes pride of place, as forming the subject of the first and title chapter, in a volume of fanciful essays about various familiar creatures, entitled "The Tiger in Town." By L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S. Illustrated by the Author (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). One seasonable item in the volume is the story of some turkeys that never knew Christmas.

We all know how the camel got his hump. Similar explanations, on more mythological lines, are conveyed in "How It Happened." Myths and Folk-Tales. By Rhoda Power. Illustrated from Lino-cuts by Agnes Miller Parker (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). Hardly Biblical, despite the book's title, are the amusing verses and pictures that compose "Out of the Ark," or, Creatures Facetious in Cut and Doggerel. By R. D., Author of "Little Else" (Peter Davies; 6s.). Young readers will like the coloured and other pictures that illustrate "Animals at Home." By Rose Yeatman Woolf and Eric Vredenburg (Raphael Tuck; 3s. 6d.).

In the category of travel and adventure must be ranked high the first illustrated edition of a well-known novelist's early work, "The Sea and the Jungle." By H. M. Tomlinson. With Wood-cuts by Clare Leighton (Duckworth; 15s.). The book describes a tramp-steamer's voyage (1909-10) from Swansea to the Amazon and home by way of Barbados, Jamaica, and Florida. Kindred in subject, but in lighter vein, is an entertaining little book called "True Tales of an Old Shellback." By Stephen Southwold. Illustrations in Colour and Black and White by A. E. Bestall (Longmans; 3s. 6d.). Historical fiction for young readers is well represented by "Cross and Sword." A Tale of Joan of Arc. By David Ker. Illustrated by J. R. Burgess (Chambers; 3s. 6d.). Of adventure fiction, an excellent example is the tale of a young modern officer's experiences of soldiering in India, entitled "Cashiered." By Bernard Bowles (The Sheldon Press; 7s. 6d.). A good specimen of school-boy fiction is "Dare at St. Martin's." By D. Stapleton. Illustrated by Percy Tarrant (Chambers; 3s. 6d.). To the literary type of story-book, that aims at interesting young readers in legends of the past, belongs a charming little volume with many good colour-plates called "The Heroes of Asgard." Tales from Scandinavian Mythology. By A. and E. Keary. Illustrated by C. E. Brock (Macmillan; 6s.). Cognate in character, but with more ordinary illustrations, is a volume of "Tales and Legends from India." By M. Dorothy Belgrade and Hilda Hart. Illustrated by Harry G. Theaker (Tuck; paper boards, 5s.; cloth, 7s. 6d.). An assortment to suit all tastes.

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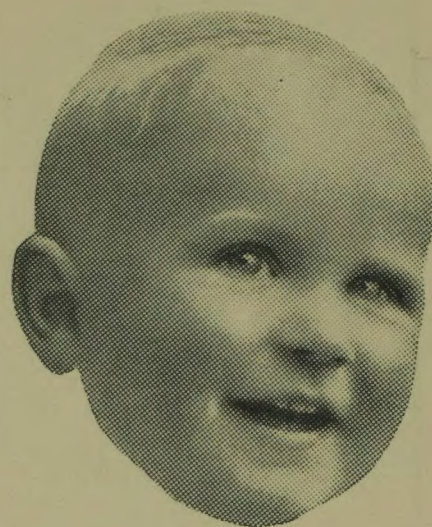
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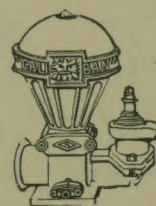
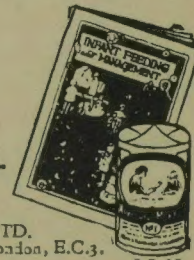
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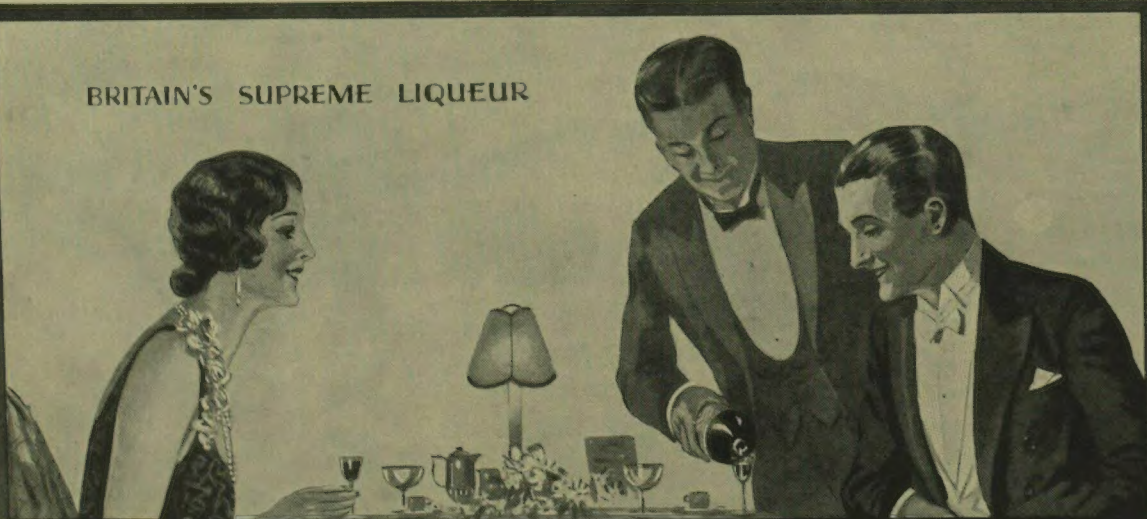
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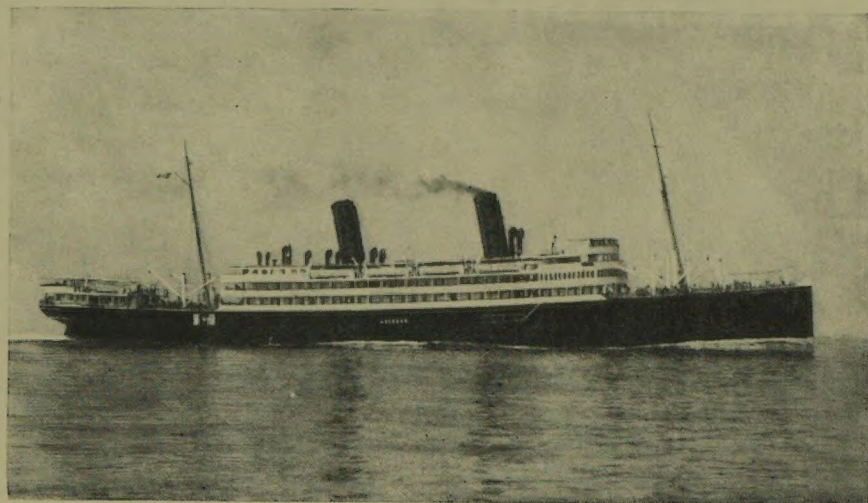
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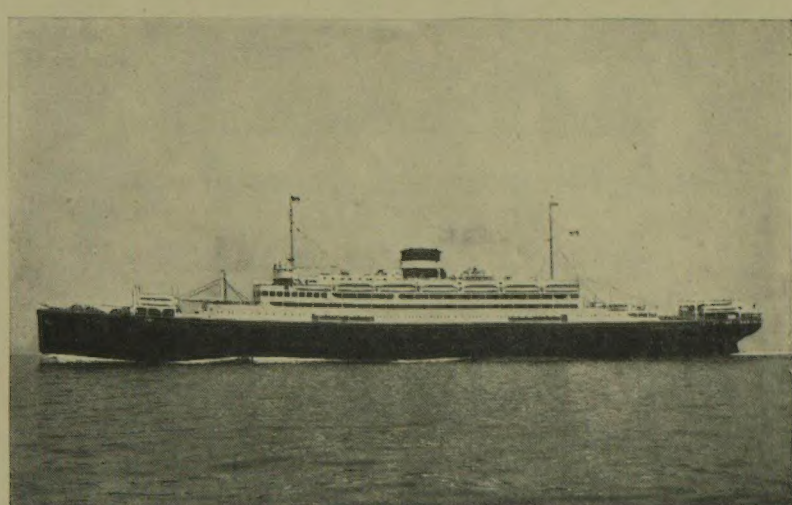
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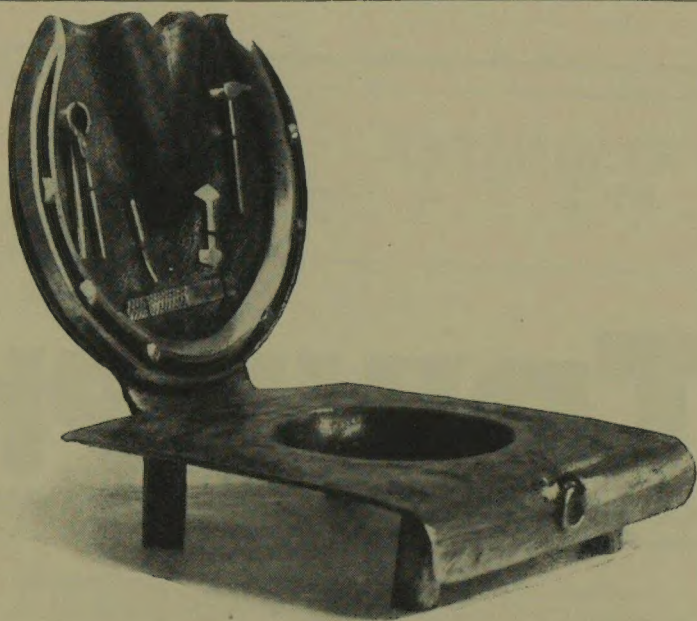
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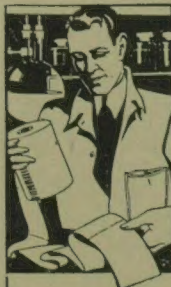
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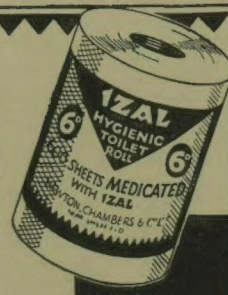


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THE ASTONISHING ART OF THE NEGRO: AN "UNTAINTED" MASK FROM BAPENDE, BELGIAN CONGO.

Rather over three years ago we had occasion to note that, for the first time in the history of that institution, visitors to the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français were able to see, in the gallery reserved for the works of painters from the French Colonies, specimens of decorative art from Dahomey. Interest was added by the fact that none of the objects shown

was "tainted" by European influence; that is to say, each retained the true traditions of native primitive art. Further, we commented upon Dr. Albert C. Barnes's championship of the Negro Art Movement in the United States. Now Belgium has fallen into line—with its International Exhibition of Negro Art in the Palais des Beaux Arts, Brussels.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM willing to agree, with eagerness and enthusiasm, that the whole world progresses; so long as it is universally admitted that it progresses backwards. I do not know a single example in history of a new step or stage, of any real importance, that did not refer back to an earlier stage or style. This does not mean that the new was always exactly like the old; but it does mean that it would never have been new but for the inspiration of the old. Anybody can see this in any case of current controversy; for instance, the controversies about new fashions in art. What generally happens, in practice, is something like this. We read in the words of the new art critic, or the works of the new art criticism: "Mr. Hobblegoblin has found new dimensional potentialities in the intersection of intangible super-planes"; or, "No artist of the new school has approximated to Mr. Hobblegoblin in the tactile apprehension of intangible surfaces." And if you do not know what this means, or even if you do, you go and look at the latest work of Mr. Hobblegoblin at the nearest gallery of sculpture or painting. It may be that you are yourself so deficient in dimensional potentiality or tactile apprehension as to say: "Garn!" (or words to that effect), "it looks to me like a defective infant's impression of a deformed baboon." Then there will be an argument; a typical modern argument, in which neither party knows what the other is trying to prove, or the first principles from which he is trying to prove it. But sooner or later you may be absolutely certain that Mr. Hobblegoblin's friends and admirers will tell you, with no little heat: "Hobblegoblin understands the true principles of the Antique better than any man since Hobblegoblin himself. He has merely corrected the Hellenic convention so as to bring it nearer to the Hittite convention. Nobody who has not studied the best Hittite period can be expected to understand Hobblegoblin at all."

As it is just possible that you never have studied the best Hittite period, you reconcile yourself more readily to the inevitable inference that you never will understand Hobblegoblin at all. But you will notice with interest that, as soon as the quarrel became really keen and lively, the Hobblegoblinites fell back on the Hittites. In other words, they fell back rather a long way. They tacitly dropped the discussion of whether the art was new, and felt they could only really justify it by showing that it was enormously antiquated.

The real difference between the brilliant few who admire the Hobblegoblin statue and the blind rabble who admire the Hermes or the Phidian Zeus is really, after all, that the new artist goes back to older gods than Hermes and Zeus. The starkness, the severity, the rigidity aimed at are all part of a sort of buried memory to which even the dreamers themselves give the name of "primitive." The race of the Futurists is a race to see who shall get furthest back into the past. Everyone knows that this is so with Wilkins and his Cro-Magnon creational drift; with Bilkins and his entirely new Neanderthal norm; with Pilkins and his Pithecanthropic projections; to say nothing of Filkins with his frankly sub-anthropoid angle of attack. As soon as it is a question of defence, and not merely of defiance, it is an appeal to the past; and an appeal to the very dead past by those who claim to be most lively and alive.

Nor do I maintain that they are not lively or lament that they are alive. I only note that all their antics

are in this sense archæological antics; a dance among the tombs, even when it is in some cases a dance upon the tombs. The innovators never despise the ancients without comparing them unfavourably with some other ancients, and generally with those who are yet more ancient. I do not take sides in this antediluvian conflict, but merely draw from it certain impartial inferences about the real nature of progress. One of them is the truth that men do not rebel against the ancient, but against the recent. They do not so much revolt against it because it is old as because it was lately new.

Hobblegoblin does not violate the Hellenic convention because the marbles of Hellas began to fade or fall to pieces hundreds of years ago in some

not conventional in Hellas, but conventional in Hampstead Garden Suburb and Higginsville, Neb., U.S.A. He is tired of the Venus of Milo, not because she is ancient, but because she is so very modern; displayed in a hundred modern advertisements of Soap or Physical Exercise. He rebels against it because he has seen far too much of it; and he has seen far too much of it because it has been the fashion in his own day. And, though this is an extremely simple and even crude example, it does serve to suggest a real criticism about the whole principle of progress.

The principle of progress is that we are always in revolt against progress. That is why we progress, in so far as we do. We are perpetually throwing off the accumulations of past progresses, which have always produced a great deal more than we want. In progress, as in more practical things, our real calamity is over-production. It is too easy to produce the fashionable thing; as it is too easy to reproduce the Venus of Milo. When poor Mr. Hobblegoblin has seen the hundred-and-tenth reproduction of the Venus of Milo, he rushes out into the darkness and howls to the Hittites.

This does doubtless produce, in practice, the effects of novelty and freshness; and sometimes of a freshness that is really refreshing. Some there are who do not find Mr. Hobblegoblin refreshing; some who cannot feel the smell of dead Hittites as entirely fresh. But there are others who do find a real renovation in the spectacle of that resurrection; only let us always remember that it is a resurrection.

A resurrection is a miracle, and may therefore fairly be called a novelty. But it is none the less a resurrection of the dead. It is sent, like other signs and wonders, to an evil and adulterous generation; that is, to a world that is already sick of its own latest fashions and inventions. That sickness, even in the most revolting sense of such revolt, is the explanation of all real reform. But sickness comes more often from having eaten too much than from having eaten too little. And revolution does not come because there is nothing in the past; but because there is too much in the past, and especially too much in the present.

We need a new history of the world, based on this big but neglected truth. Man has done marvellous things; and I certainly have no desire to belittle the new any more than the old. But whatever he has done he has overdone. Every age has been an age of exaggeration; which has ended at last in vulgarisation. And it is the peculiar peril of the present age that it is actually proud of its unique capacity to vulgarise. Every new style has arisen because people were tired of an old style, and has generally been followed by a return to a yet older style. But we are doing everything in our power to make it certain that men shall quickly grow tired of our style; that our style shall grow rapidly old, when it has hardly begun to be new. Endless repetitions, endless reproductions and reduplications, the incessant sale and syndication of everything everywhere, may well drive Mr. Hobblegoblin on to horrors wilder than he has yet conceived in any nightmare. We have less chance than any of our ancestors to pause upon and really enjoy the present. The amplification and accumulation of everything drives us on towards the future, and right round the world, till we come again to the past.



THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN TO BE CHOSEN AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: THE RT. HON. SIR ISAAC ALFRED ISAACS, WHOSE APPOINTMENT WAS ANNOUNCED FROM AUSTRALIA HOUSE.

Last week Australia House, London, issued the following announcement: "His Majesty the King, on the recommendation of the Right Honourable J. H. Scullin, Prime Minister of Australia, has appointed the Right Honourable Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of Australia, to the office of Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in succession to Lord Stonehaven. The date on which Sir Isaac will assume office will be announced later." It need hardly be pointed out that this manner of announcement is new, and it has caused a good deal of comment. Sir Isaac, who is seventy-five, is a native of Melbourne. He was called to the Victoria Bar in 1880; took silk in 1899; has been Solicitor-General and Attorney-General of Victoria; and in 1905 became Attorney-General under Deakin. In 1906 he was appointed a Justice of the High Court, and in March last he was selected as Chief Justice of Australia, having been Acting Chief Justice in 1927 and in 1929. In 1897 he was one of the framers of the Commonwealth Constitution.

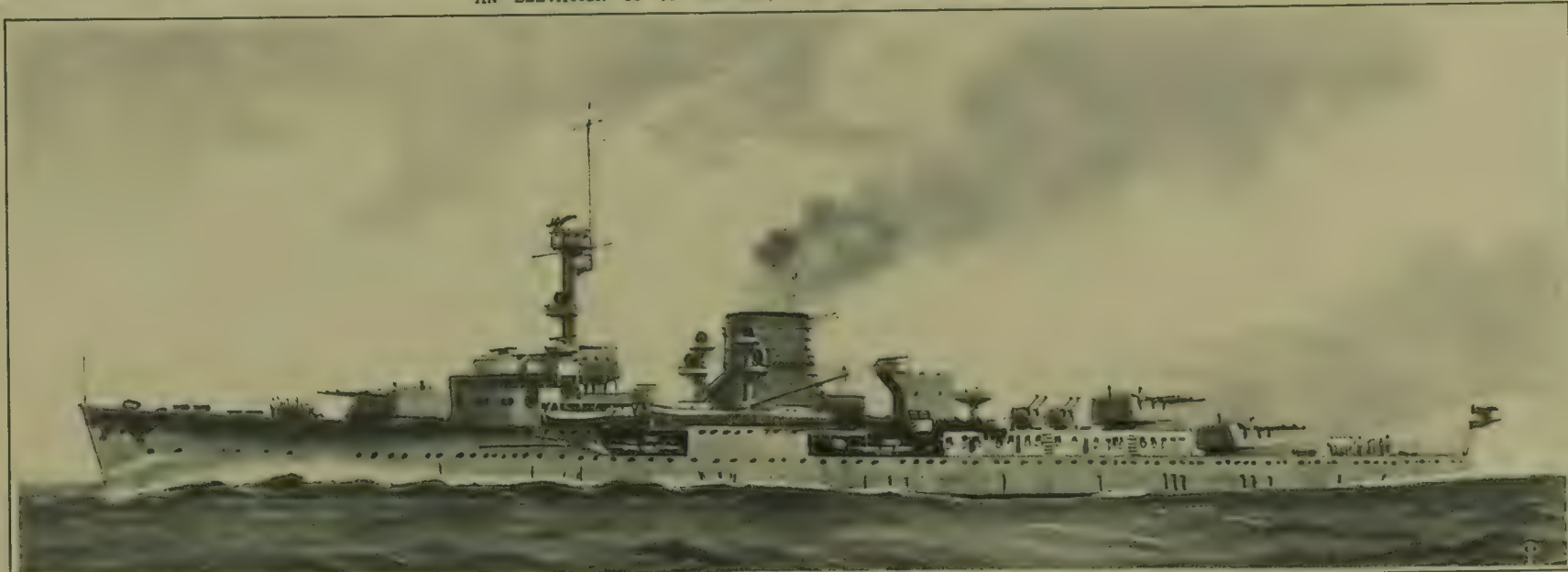
ruined and neglected temple, pillaged by Turks or passed over by tourists. He violates the Hellenic convention because it has become conventional;

THE RETURN OF THE SMALL CRUISER: TYPES FROM THREE NAVIES.

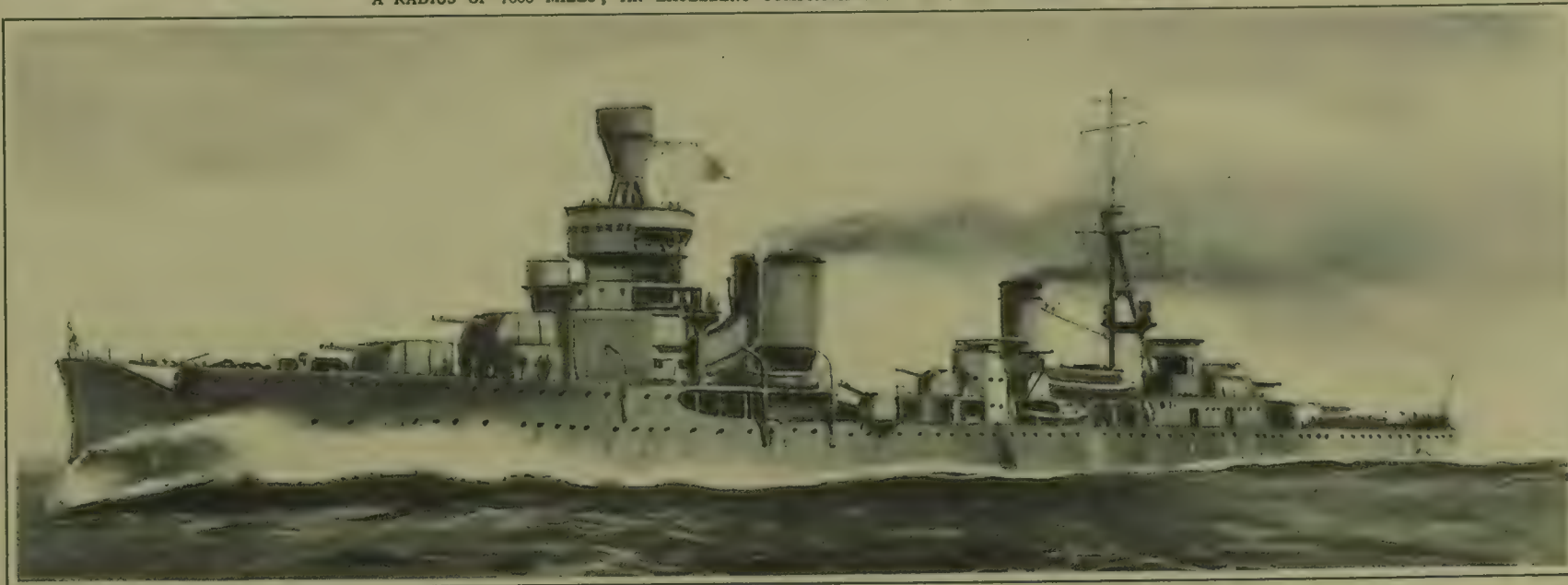
DRAWINGS AND DESCRIPTION BY DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS."



GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW DESIGN FOR LIGHT CRUISERS: H.M.S. "LEANDER," FIRST OF FOUR 6700-TON SHIPS TO BE LAID DOWN, WHICH WILL CARRY EIGHT 6-INCH GUNS AND STEAM AT 35 KNOTS A TYPE INTENDED FOR COMMERCE PROTECTION AND WELL PROVIDED WITH FUEL; AND NOTABLE FOR THE FACT THAT HER GUNS, HAVING AN ELEVATION OF 70 DEGREES, CAN BE USED AGAINST AIRCRAFT.



GERMANY'S NEW DESIGN FOR LIGHT CRUISERS: THE 6000-TON "LEIPZIG," WHOSE CHIEF FEATURE IS THE MOUNTING OF NINE 6-INCH GUNS IN THREE TRIPLE TURRETS, THUS GIVING HER A BROADSIDE OF NINE GUNS, THREE FIRING AHEAD AND SIX ASTERN—A SHIP THAT CAN STEAM AT 32 KNOTS, IS WELL PROTECTED, AND HAS A RADIUS OF 7000 MILES; AN EXCELLENT COMPROMISE OF ALL THE CRUISER ATTRIBUTES.



ITALY'S NEW DESIGN FOR LIGHT CRUISERS: THE "ALBERTO DI GIUSSANO," KNOWN AS THE "SPORTS MODEL" CRUISER, AND THE FASTEST AFLOAT, WHICH REACHED A RECORD CRUISER SPEED OF 40.7 KNOTS DURING A 160-MILE RUN AT 39.8 KNOTS, WHEN SHE WAS WORKED-UP TO OVER 100,000 H.P.—THE FIRST OF A CLASS OF EIGHT SISTER-SHIPS, VERY LIGHTLY BUILT AND INTENDED ONLY FOR WORK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

These novel designs in 6-inch-gunned lightweight cruisers, Dr. Oscar Parkes points out, mark the reaction from what he calls the Washington Treaty 10,000-ton "tin-clad boiler boxes." "Now that we are committed (he writes) by the London Treaty to the replacement of worn-out cruisers by ships carrying nothing larger than 6-inch guns, considerable interest attaches to various new designs of light cruisers under construction abroad. From an engineering point of view the Italian "Alberto di Giussano" is an extraordinary ship, and, with her seven sisters, will be a very considerable factor in the Mediterranean. By weight, economy, and very fine lines, plus great engine-power, the Italian constructors have produced a 'sports-model' cruiser capable of steaming at 39.8 knots for 160 miles, and at times touching 40.7 knots. She can thus outsteam destroyers, and at present is the

fastest cruiser afloat. Her armament of eight 6-inch guns is mounted in four gun houses, with six anti-aircraft guns in pairs amidships. There is no armour protection, and the type is designed purely as a reply to the big French flotilla-leaders, which they easily outclass. The 'Alberto' displaces 5089 tons. Our own 'Leander,' of about 6700 tons, carries the same armament, but is only designed for 35 knots. Her extra weight has been devoted to protection. A special feature of the 'Leander's' new gun-mountings is an elevation of 70 degrees, so that all eight 6-inch guns can be used against aircraft. In both her and the German 'Leipzig' all boiler uptakes have been trunked into one big funnel, saving much deck space. The 'Leipzig,' a cruiser edition of the *ersatz* 'Preussen,' carries nine 6-inch guns in 3 triple turrets. She has some armour protection and a speed of 32 knots."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SINCE Europa had that alarming adventure with the bull, and found that she liked him better as a god, who promised that a quarter of the globe should bear her name, considerable changes have occurred in that quarter in the course of ages. On the table before me is ranged a solid phalanx of stout volumes dealing with events, personalities, and political phases in various parts of Europe at different periods. There is a round dozen of them, in fact; and it is up to me to indicate something of their scope and contents. If the result should prove a trifle sketchy, I must take refuge in the magic word "outline," for which there are distinguished precedents. Much virtue in "outline"!

I take first a book that leads up to the greatest catastrophe in the history of modern Europe, and illuminates its causes—namely, "THE FOURTH SEAL." The End of a Russian Chapter. By Sir Samuel Hoare, LL.D., M.P. Illustrated (Heinemann; 15s.). This is a work of high importance and enthralling interest. At the time of which he tells, the author was chief of the British Intelligence Mission attached to the Russian General Staff. He was mainly occupied in Petrograd (now Leningrad), but he also visited Moscow, and soon after his arrival in Russia he was sent for a while to Roumania, then about to enter the war. It was in Bucharest, by the way, that he first met another future Air Minister, the late Lord Thomson, who was Military Attaché there.

Sir Samuel Hoare's vivid picture of the Imperial régime then tottering to its fall, and of administrative chaos in the capital, explains the reasons for the great débâcle. The unique value of the book is that it shows official Petrograd from the inside, and gives the first authentic accounts communicated to the British Government of the general state of affairs, the inner working of the "Dark Forces" that brought Russia to ruin, and the dramatic assassination of their leader, Rasputin. "I have still in my possession" (Sir Samuel mentions) "a half-sheet scrawled in his peasant's hand demanding an appointment for one of his friends."

At the same time we get intimate pen portraits, drawn from personal knowledge, of "the Tsar who should have been an English squire," and the Tsaritsa; with character-sketches of many other leading personalities—Russian and British—including Sazonoff, Sturmer, Kolchak, Prince Lvov, the tragic Grand Duchess Elizabeth; Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, Sir George Buchanan, and Captain Cromie, the British Naval Attaché murdered by Bolsheviks at the Embassy in Moscow. Lord Kitchener's early prescience of danger signs in Russia, and the full significance of his loss, emerge strongly from Sir Samuel Hoare's record of conversations with him and of other events that preceded the tragedy of the Hampshire. In May 1916, he received a highly confidential message regarding Lord Kitchener's projected visit to Russia. "I was greatly astonished," he writes, "when, at a cosmopolitan dinner party in a few days' time, I heard the visit discussed as a subject of general Petrograd interest. If it was so freely debated in the Russian capital, it was, I felt sure, no secret in Berlin."

It may be well, perhaps, to explain the point of the book's Biblical title, and the fact that the illustrations include, besides portraits, places, and war-time scenes, several mystical drawings, suggesting a blend of Blake and Beardsley, all described as coming "From the Old Believers' Apocalypse." "The Old Believers, or Raskolniks," we are told, are "the Nonconformists of Russia," and Sir Samuel, with his friend, W. J. Birkbeck, saw their churches in Moscow. "Of their burning interest in the practices of their church," the author continues, "I had a striking instance when I visited their curious book-shop near the Kremlin. Birkbeck and I were looking at a pile of service books . . . illustrated with many strange pictures of angels and devils. The volumes were beautifully produced . . . I could not resist buying several. The prices were high, and I was amazed when I saw a peasant in a sheepskin coat, with straw in his boots, enter the shop and produce fifty roubles for two Apocalypses. When we entered into conversation with him, he told us that he had been saving up his money for a long time in order to buy two of the best illustrated editions. When he had chosen the volumes, he started off with them under his arm to walk back to his village many versts distant from Moscow."

Like a good Parliamentarian, Sir Samuel works up his last chapter into a fine peroration, based on the same Biblical allusion. "Saddest of all," he concludes, "the Emperor, by his abdication, destroyed the last remaining loyalty in Russia . . . The Russian monarchy had ended. . . . Whilst these things were happening in the capital, I thought of the Old Believer whom I had met in the Moscow book-shop. Was he not now poring over his treasured Apocalypse, and pointing with his finger to the prophecies that were being fulfilled before his eyes: 'And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat

Translated by Huntley Paterson. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. With 16 Portraits (Harrap; 18s.). In selecting his team of contributors, the Editor's motto has been to "hear all sides." The essays range over most of the famous dictators of history, from Julius Caesar to Mussolini, and discuss the relation of this form of government to various sciences, institutions and schools of thought, including Christianity, Liberalism, democracy, socialism, and political economy.

One of the shortest essays I have ever read is that of Professor Einstein on "Science and Dictatorship," which, as it consists of less than twenty words, may be quoted in full: "A Dictatorship means muzzles all round, and consequently stultification. Science can flourish only in an atmosphere of free speech." The opening essay on "Dictatorship in Ancient Rome" is contributed by an eminent Italian historian, well known to readers of this paper—Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, whose monthly articles in our pages on current world politics are so full of a far-sighted historical judgment. The whole volume is a valuable and timely assemblage of opinion on a subject that is nowadays of compelling interest.

On the remainder of my list I must be extremely brief. No reader interested in the future of our Continent should neglect the work of a leading French statesman—"THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE." By Edouard Herriot. Translated by Reginald D. J. Dingle (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). This volume describes fully the interesting proposals originated by M. Briand in all their implications, both political and economic. Several other works also concern M. Briand's compatriots. A particularly delightful volume is "THE

FRENCH AT HOME." In the Country and in Town. By Philip Carr. With thirty-four illustrations (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). This is the best book I have ever come across on the social and domestic side of French life, and the numerous photographs—mainly of open-air groups, scenes, and incidents of actual life—are really typical and obviously spontaneous, as well as being beautifully reproduced. It is very necessary that we should all try to understand the French and their ways, and Mr. Carr has provided us with an excellent means of doing so. The reputation of a famous French general who had a chequered career before and after the war is defended in "THE SILENCE OF SARRAIL." By Paul Coblentz. Translated from the French by Arthur Chambers. With twenty illustrations and map (Hutchinson; 18s.). The book is a vindication, with a strong element of controversy involving criticism of many French political and military leaders. A celebrated case of another French soldier, vindicated after suffering far greater wrongs, is recalled in "DREYFUS." By Walther Steinthal. Translated from the German by Captain Raymond Johnes (George Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

Next come two biographical studies from French history—"KING SPIDER." Some Aspects of Louis XI. of France and his Companions. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Illustrated (Heinemann; 21s.)—a picturesque account of one of the most memorable of the French Kings, among whose subjects, it will be recalled, was that king of vagabond poets, François Villon. We turn from the fifteenth to the early nineteenth century in "THE ADORABLE DUCHESS." By Armand Praviel. Translated from the French (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.). The adorable one is Mme. la Duchesse de Berri, whose husband was assassinated at the Opera, and whose son, born later, was heir to the throne.

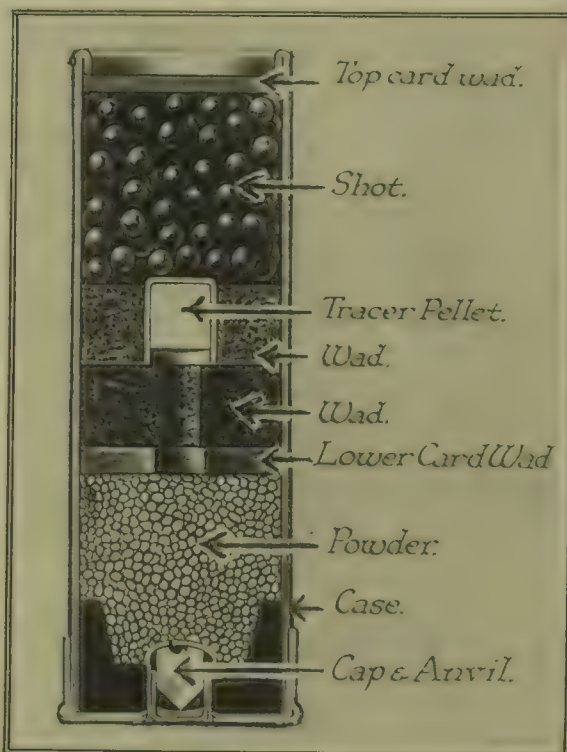
The island which gave Napoleon to France is well described and copiously illustrated by exquisite photographs in "CORSIKA THE BEAUTIFUL." An Impression of the Island as it is To-day, and of its History. By Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. With 43 illustrations and a map (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). With this "island story" may naturally be bracketed one on Corsica's Italian neighbour, "SARDINIA." The Island of the Nuraghi. By Douglas Goldring. Illustrated (Harrap; 15s.). The nuraghi, by the way, are prehistoric forts analogous in construction to the Scottish brochs. This book also is beautifully illustrated. The author has some incidental comments on the effects of Fascism in Sardinia, and on Franco-Italian relations. Another country of some concern to Italy, from its Roman antiquities, and from its

[Continued on page 1108.]



THE "TRACER" BULLET APPLIED FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOT-GUN, FOR CORRECTING ERRORS IN AIM: A NEW SPORTING CARTRIDGE AND ITS USE SHOWN IN A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM.

"Tracer" bullets have long been used for military purposes, to define a projectile's trajectory, but hitherto it has not been found possible to apply the principle to sporting shot-guns, to enable the sportsman to correct a faulty aim. Now, however, the problem has been solved by Imperial Chemical Industries, with a unique and patented cartridge called the "Eley-Rocket." It carries in the centre of the shot-charge a small tracer pellet, which is ignited by the powder charge and burns brightly for at least 75 yards after firing, thus tracing the trajectory. The ballistics remain the same and the shot-charge is the standard load of 1 1/4th oz. of shot. In game-shooting or clay-pigeon competitions a wrong aim can thus be quickly corrected, instead of missing several birds before discovering it. The "Rocket" cartridges are classed as safety-cartridges, but certain precautions have to be observed in their use. They cost 32s. per 100, as compared with 15s. to 21s. (according to type) for ordinary Eley cartridges. In a big day's shoot a sportsman might use about 6 to every 100 ordinary cartridges.—[Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News," by G. H. Davis.]



THE INTERIOR OF AN "ELEY-ROCKET" CARTRIDGE: A SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING THE "TRACER" PELLET IN THE CENTRE OF THE SHOT-CHARGE.

on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

The subsequent and still-continuing epoch in Russian history, to which Sir Samuel Hoare's book forms an overture, is analysed with biting candour in a chapter called "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat," by Ferdynand Ossendowski (a Polish writer, and formerly an adherent of Kolchak), included in a volume of essays, by "eminent leaders of modern thought," entitled "DICTATORSHIP ON ITS TRIAL." Edited by Otto Forst de Battaglia.

"SKI-FLYING": THE WINGED "BIRD-MAN" MAKING HIS FIRST FLIGHT; AND HIS APPARATUS, UNPACKED AND PACKED.



THE "BIRD-MAN" IN FLIGHT: THE INVENTOR OF THE SKI-FLYING DEVICE IN MID-AIR
SOON AFTER TAKING-OFF — WINGED AND WEARING SKIS.

"SKI-FLYING" is a new sport, invented by Joseph Krupka, the young Viennese engineer and sportsman who also devised "water-skis." His "ski-wings" are a simple piece of apparatus which can be taken to pieces and transported in a case. After preliminary trials in the neighbourhood of Vienna, Krupka decided upon a "ski-flying" expedition among the glaciers of the Gross-Venediger massif, on the borders of Austria and Italy, some 12,000 ft. above sea-level; and he first took the air from just below the peak of the Keeskogel. He sped off on his skis, and, as the speed increased, slowly brought his wing-surfaces into play. His body trailed more and more behind, and, in this stretched position, his legs rose gradually until body and wing-surfaces were almost in a horizontal straight line. The flight he made took him about 15 yards into the air. He then executed a turn in order to stop himself, sinking one wing gently, with the

[Continued below.]



THE BIRD-MAN'S "FLYING-CORSET": A PADDED BREAST-PLATE; TOUGH, WADDED STRAPS;
AND A POWERFUL CROSS-BAR FOR SUPPORTING THE WINGS.



THE INVENTOR HOLDING UP HIS WINGS AND THEIR TACKLE:
A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE SIZE OF THE APPARATUS,
WHICH WEIGHS ONLY SOME 30 LB.



THE SUCCESSFUL INVENTOR OF THE NEW SPORT: JOSEPH KRUPKA,
WITH HIS APPARATUS FOR "SKI-FLYING" IN A PORTABLE CASE.

[Continued.]

result that he fell whistling earthwards, almost head over heels. At the last instant, however, he pulled his movable wings up, and shot nearly two yards vertically upwards, stopped almost dead in the air for a moment, then sank his wings and let himself fall to the ground.

AFRICAN WILD LIFE MENACED BY EXTINCTION: NATIVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE FAUNA



A LINE OF SNARES, ABOUT 150 FT. LONG, INTO WHICH HERDS OF WILD ANIMALS ARE DRIVEN BY NATIVES, IN TANGANYIKA: "A CONTRIVANCE, DEVILISH IN ITS EFFECTIVENESS, WHICH CAPTURES EVERYTHING, FROM GAZELLE TO GIRAFFE, OFTEN IN HUNDREDS."



"GAME-PITS INTO WHICH ANIMALS ARE DRIVEN BY NATIVE HUNTERS, AND WHICH OFTEN CAUSE WHOLESAL AND INDISCRIMINATE SLAUGHTER": SINISTER EVIDENCE OF PRACTICES MAKING FOR THE EXTINCTION OF WILD LIFE IN AFRICA.

These photographs emphasise, with all the force of "things seen," the plea so strongly urged by Major Hingston (in his article on page 1062) for the establishment of National Parks in Africa, as perpetual sanctuaries for the wild animals of that continent—its most wonderful possession—which are now menaced with extermination—not by the sportsman—but by the combined pressure of trade, settlement and agriculture, and native methods of "wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter." Major Hingston recently returned from a tour of inquiry on this subject in Africa, on behalf of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire and other bodies. In a subsequent interview (published in the journal, "East Africa") he said: "As the result of my consultations (*i.e.*, with people in Africa interested in the question), some nine possible National Game Parks were located. It was clear that Northern Rhodesia required one to preserve the unique fauna of the country; the extensive area round the Murchison Falls in Uganda is ideal for a National Park; while the wonderful vast open plains in Kenya and Tanganyika Territory could be made, from the point of view of zoological

METHODS OF "WHOLESALE AND INDISCRIMINATE SLAUGHTER."

OF THE EMPIRE. (SEE ARTICLE BY MAJOR R. W. G. HINGSTON ON PAGE 1062.)



A GIRAFFE CAUGHT AND KILLED IN A NATIVE GAME-PIT: A TYPICAL RESULT OF ONE OF THE NATIVE METHODS OF TRAPPING GAME, WHICH ARE HELPING TO EXTERMINATE THE WONDERFUL WILD LIFE OF THE AFRICAN BUSH.



A HARTEBEEST CAUGHT BY THE FOOT IN A NOOSE PLACED OPEN ON THE GROUND AND ATTACHED TO A HEAVY LOG, WHICH PREVENTS THE ANIMAL, ONCE TRAPPED, FROM GOING FAR: A TYPICAL NATIVE METHOD OF SNARING AFRICAN GAME.

the finest things of their kind in the whole world, not even excepting the Yellowstone Park in America. The construction and development of National Parks in these East African Colonies would attract great numbers of visitors, and prove not only of instruction and interest to them, but of real economic value to the Colonies concerned. It is in the direction of National Parks and their attractions to visitors, and not in shooting and hunting, that the commercialism of the game of a country, and its value as a source of revenue to that country, lie in the future. The policy of Great Britain is to civilise the African in every way possible. We must visualise an Africa fifty years hence far more thickly populated than to-day, and with cultivation existing where now there is nothing but forest and bush. All this means that the game will be pressed further and further afield, and, in the far future, there will come a time when the only places where wild animal life will be found will be National Parks. Therefore, it is our bounden duty to provide sanctuaries as permanent and stable as the wit and skill and determination of man can make them."

THE ONLY WAY OF SAVING AFRICAN FAUNA.

HOW THE WONDERFUL WILD LIFE OF AFRICA MAY BE PRESERVED FROM WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER AND EXTINCTION: A PLEA FOR NATIONAL PARKS.

By Major R. W. G. HINGSTON, M.C., *Delegate in Africa of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire.* (See Illustrations on Pages 1060 and 1061.)

THE wild life of the world continues to go down. The big game of Africa, by far the most wonderful thing in that continent, is slowly but steadily yielding before the spread of human settlement. True, there are restrictions, such as licenses and game laws and penalties. The laws are drawn up carefully and administered conscientiously, but they cannot be regarded as anything but checks; they are brakes, as it were, on the destructive

capacity of the species fully makes up for the wastage he inflicts on it. It is killing that aims at being wholesale, and that takes in females along with males, which wins against Nature's recuperative powers.

There is a general feeling of condemnation against wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of this kind. Yet it still goes on in parts of Africa. I do not specify any particular area, but there are places under British administration where huge herds of game

are driven into rivers and dispatched in hundreds by native spears; where game is harried against long lines of fences and forced by these fences into concealed pits; where circles of bush-fires are made round animal communities which result in the beasts being either burnt to death or in their escaping terribly scorched. There are places where natives sit with poisoned arrows over water-holes and conduct a slaughter indiscriminate and intense. There

which would demand scarcely any sacrifice and would cost practically nothing. True, there are game reserves which serve as animal sanctuaries. But these reserves, highly valuable though they have been, offer no guarantee of permanent security. They have no title. They come and go. They are created in areas which are economically worthless and can be abolished or altered with ease. There is no guarantee that any game reserve in Africa will be in existence there in ten years' time. Permanency and inviolability are the very essence of sanctuaries. The game reserves of Africa are temporary makeshifts and are violable in a hundred ways. National Parks are real and lasting sanctuaries. They hold a title; they are public property for ever, and can be altered only by Act of Parliament. They are the fragment of territory, usually the worthless fragment, which a country thinks fit to allot to the Creator in order to preserve His wonderful work.

America has shown us the lead in this matter. The Yellowstone Park of the United States and the Rocky Mountain Parks of Canada are now world-famous institutions, and attract visitors annually by the hundreds of thousands. Yet what would easily become even more famous than these is a National Park on the Serengeti Plains of Tanganyika, including that wonderful Ngorongoro crater. The visitor could motor for days across those plains and see literally half a million of beasts. And what beasts! In one place it would be lion, in another giraffe, in another rhinoceros, in another elephant, in another eland, and endless herds of antelopes, zebras, and gazelles. Nor would it be just groups of animals in patches, but, at certain places and in certain seasons, herds that seem almost to blacken the ground. A sample of the old Africa is still left upon those plains, and the visitor would see there with the utmost ease what, both for abundance and variety, is the grandest spectacle of living nature that exists in the whole world. And a National Park could be created on that area—a park without an equal anywhere on earth, and of a material value impossible to estimate—at a cost which would be practically nothing.

National Parks are required in all our colonies in order to preserve typical examples of the widespread and varying life of the continent. And they are needed before it is too late to make them. The Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire is struggling to secure this important end. It is doing a big work with few members; but it is getting something done, and if it were stronger it



"THERE ARE PLACES WHERE NATIVES SIT WITH POISONED ARROWS OVER WATER-HOLES AND CONDUCT A SLAUGHTER INDISCRIMINATE AND INTENSE": A TYPICAL GROUP OF AFRICAN HUNTERS DRAWING THEIR HUGE BOWS.

machinery. In spite of them, and in face of them, the wild life of Africa is steadily passing away.

The fact is that the existence of wild life is absolutely incompatible with human progress. It disappeared, almost every fragment of it, from the United States, from Canada, from South Africa, once man had firmly possessed himself of the soil. And it is to-day vanishing for the same reason all over the African continent. Man, once he cultivates an acre of ground, will not tolerate wild animals in his vicinity. The carnivores kill his stock; the herbivores trample and eat and uproot his crops. The wild life then becomes a menace, and, whether laws to protect it exist or do not exist, the enemy will be driven out. Cultivation and human settlement demand the elimination of the wild life.

Year by year cultivation is extending in Africa. The native is being roused from his primitive simplicity at a pace that no untutored race has ever experienced before. He is being taught better methods of cultivating the soil, and is learning how to convert the wilderness into a garden. He is being educated, clothed, civilised, doctored. His health is improving, longevity increasing, birth mortality diminishing. A far larger, healthier, and more civilised population is coming to occupy the Dark Continent. And what does it all mean for the wild life? Only a still more rapid march towards inevitable extermination.

Yet, great as is this threat of human settlement, it comes second as the menace of trade. It is trade which obliterates wild life from the world. Agriculture drives the game further into the wilderness, but so long as any wilderness exists the game will keep some kind of foothold. But trade is relentless. It has no limit. It follows the animals to their farthest fastnesses and annihilates them to the last individual. It was trade in skins that exterminated the quagga and swept the animal herds from South Africa. In America, trade fell so relentlessly on the bison that the hides were often removed from only one side of the animals; it being easier to destroy others than to go to the trouble of turning them over. It is a maxim of undoubted truth that trade in wild life means butchery and the ultimate extermination of that life.

It is not the sportsman that obliterates game. True, he kills; but seldom is his killing wholesale or indiscriminate. The sportsman wants a trophy; as a rule, a male trophy, and the getting of this usually satisfies him. Ordinarily he is content with a few trophies from each species, and he is discriminating with respect to sex. The natural reproductive

is a widespread use of native traps, such as falling spears or lines of snares or nets or nooses for the feet. All these devices take animals indiscriminately and, at times, in a wholesale manner. The native has no consideration for species or age or sex. In general, these practices are contrary to law. But the letter of the law cannot always run over territories of vast area; and the photographs here published indicate that the practices continue to go on.

What can be done? The spread of cultivation, the demands of trade, the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter by natives, are forcing the wild life from the African continent. Must we just sit with folded arms and watch it slowly but certainly vanish? Are we to picture a fully populated and civilised Africa with its one really unique possession nothing but a historical record? For, if matters take their simple and natural course, that is what the future has in store. The wild life has been swept from America and South Africa, and the sweeping is going steadily on.

There is only one chance of saving a remnant, and that is by the creation of National Parks.

By this means there was secured a small fragment of the fauna that once covered South Africa and the United States. It was done too late, at the eleventh hour, and, in consequence, it involved these countries in much sacrifice and considerable expense. National Parks could be made to-day in our African colonies



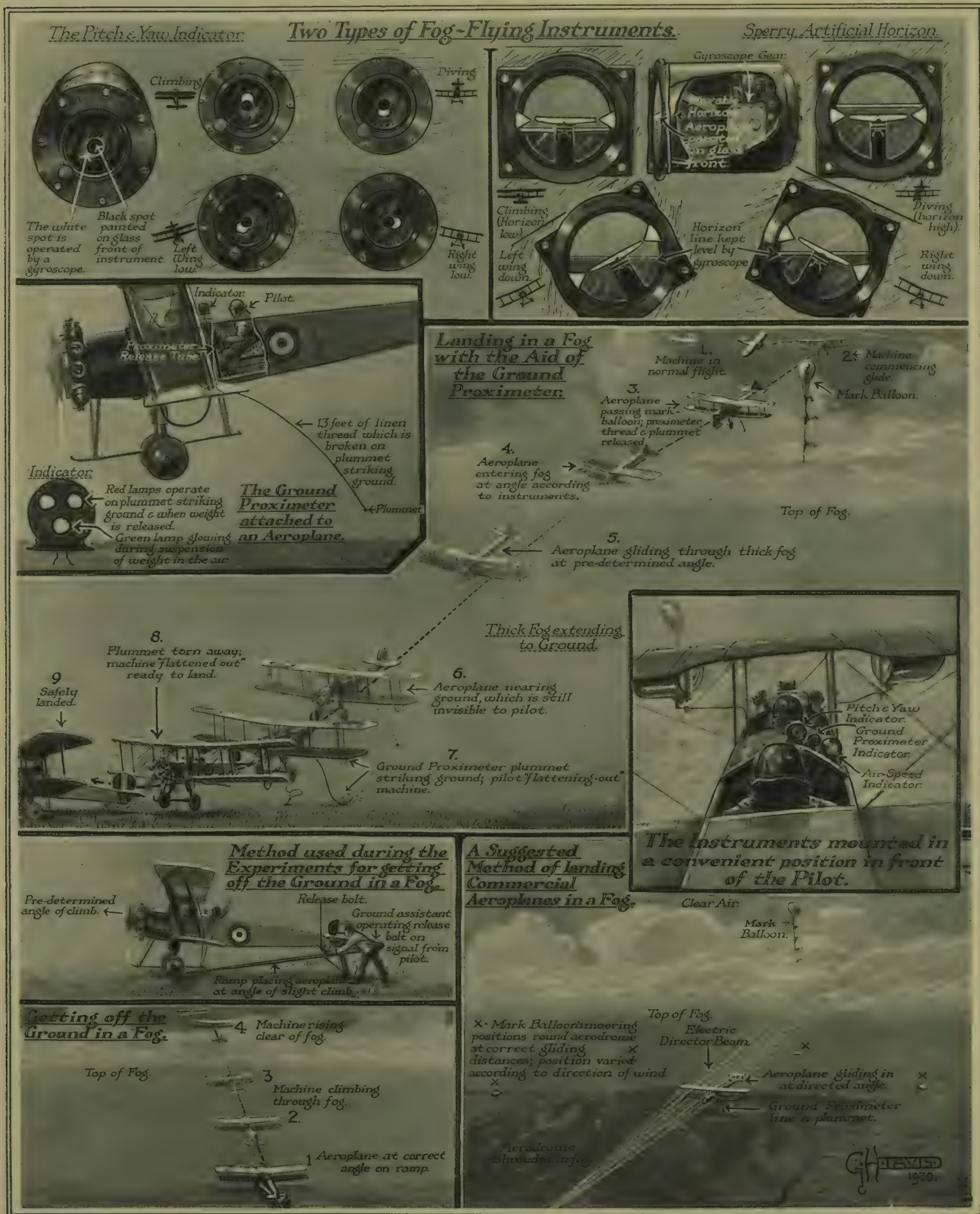
TYPES OF AFRICAN NATIVE HUNTERS WHO SLAUGHTER WILD ANIMALS WHOLESALE: MEN CARRYING SPEARS AND OTHER WEAPONS; AND FOUR FINE HEADS OF GIRAFFE TRAPPED IN GAME-PITS.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire.

could do much more. It looks forward to seeing a combined National Park for the two territories of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, to others in Tanganyika, others in Kenya, others in Uganda. If they can be secured—and it is the only hope—then the wonderful fauna of Africa will be saved.

"EYES" FOR THE AIRMAN IN FOG: NEW SAFETY DEVICES FOR LANDING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE COURTEOUS ASSISTANCE OF THE AIR MINISTRY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



PROGRESS IN SOLVING A GREAT AVIATION PROBLEM: FLYING IN FOG—MECHANICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR VISIBILITY.

One of the greatest problems yet to be solved in aviation is that of safe flying in fog. All forms of transport are hindered by fog, but none more severely than flying, for, whereas "go slow" is the safety motto in fog on sea and land, it is impossible to reduce very much the speed of flight. In recent years numerous devices have been tried, notably in the United States, to enable an ordinary aeroplane to land safely on a fog-covered aerodrome. Most of these experiments were made in clear weather, but this summer an R.A.F. pilot, carrying a member of the Air Ministry Research Staff and flying a standard "Avro" aeroplane, made a series of successful landings at Farnborough in actual fog, and many other subsequent attempts have been successful. A pitch-and-yaw instrument was used, which showed by a white spot on a dial controlled by a gyroscope,

behind a black spot fixed to the instrument, a visible sign giving the pilot the exact attitude of his aeroplane. There was also used a ground proximeter, which consists of a length of linen thread and a weight suspended below the aeroplane. When the plummet hits the ground it is torn away, and the release of the weight electrically lights up lamps on the indicator before the pilot. To show the position for commencing the glide, a captive mark balloon was placed well above the fog bank. A predetermined angle of glide was arranged, and at every attempt the machine was safely landed. Quite recently the Americans have experimented with an electric beam system of guiding a machine to the ground, and it is considered that a combination of these devices would mark a real advance in fog landing, both for military and commercial aircraft.

"AND RIDE IN TRIUMPH THROUGH PERSEPOLIS."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"A HISTORY OF PERSIA." By BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR PERCY SYKES.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN)

IT was fitting that the history of Persia should be written by a soldier, for no country in the world, not even Belgium or Lombardy, has had its destiny more often determined by force of arms. Even to enumerate the campaigns in which, whether as aggressor or victim, Persia took part, would require more space than this article affords. There are references in Sir Percy Sykes's great work to geologic time, to prehistoric pottery dating from 8000 B.C., found at Susa, and to the year of grace 1931; but his chronicle, in its main outlines, begins with the dawn of history and goes down to the present day.

Before 3000 B.C. the Elamites lived on one side of the great range of mountains part of which still forms the western boundary of Persia. On the other, at the head of the Persian Gulf, dwelt the Sumerians, and, to the north of them, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, was the land of Akkad. According to one school of archaeologists, the Sumerian civilisation is older than the Egyptian; Sir Percy Sykes, ranging himself on the side of Mr. Leonard Woolley, calls Sumer "the Great Mother of the Arts and Civilisation." Among the earliest Sumerian kings, whose date is known, is Eannatum. The Sumerians and the Akkads, agriculturists, regarded the mountain-dwelling Elamites as their natural enemies. An inscription records that "by Eannatum was Elam broken in the head, Elam was driven back to his own land." We are not told that the Elamites, those earliest inhabitants of Persia, suffered invasion after defeat; but it is typical of Persian history that we first hear of them on the field of battle. In 1926 a "treaty of perpetual peace" was negotiated between Persia and Turkey, and this, in spite of tradition, in spite of threats of rupture, has endured until now. But what torrents of blood have flowed in between!

Somewhere between 2500 and 2000 B.C., the Aryan Medes and Persians invaded Persia. They came in three bodies: one from Southern Russia, one from the steppes to the north of Khorasan, one from Aria or Bactria, conquering the Punjab on the way. "The ancient inhabitants were, in all probability, partly massacred, partly driven into the hills, and partly permitted to live side by side with the conquerors."

The Median Empire developed more rapidly than the Persian; this, Sir Percy Sykes thinks, was because of their proximity to the dominant Empire of Assyria. At first, the Medes paid tribute to Assyria; later, they carried the war into the enemy's country, and in 606 B.C. they took Nineveh by siege. "What is the verdict of history on Assyria?" asks Sir Percy Sykes. "It is this: that, although Babylonia and Egypt were merciless in the hour of triumph, yet Babylonia bequeathed to mankind law, astronomy, science, and Egypt erected buildings which still challenge the admiration of the world; whereas Assyria, merely borrowing such arts of peace as she adopted, shone only as the great predatory power, and, when she fell, she passed away into utter and well-merited oblivion."

The downfall of Assyria left the three neighbouring states, Media, Lydia, and Babylon, all more powerful than before. For a short time Babylon was in the ascendant. Nebuchadnezzar defeated the Egyptians, marched to Babylon, and ascended the throne. He was a great architect as well as a great general; he built the Hanging Gardens and the Median Wall from the Tigris to the Euphrates which made it possible to "flood the whole country north of Babylon"; and (Sir Percy Sykes tells us) there is no historical evidence "to justify the grotesque description of his alleged madness, given in the Book of Daniel."

He was a great man, but the greatness he bequeathed to his country was short-lived. A greater conqueror than himself, Cyrus, King of Persia, brought it to an end.

The rise of the Persian Empire begins with Cyrus; but as to how Cyrus obtained his position history is silent. We know that in 549 he was styled "King of Anshan"—a comparatively unimportant territory; and in 546 he was

"King of Persia." In the same year he overthrew the empire of Lydia, shutting up the wealthy but unwary Croesus in Sardes. Sardes was taken; and Croesus, disdaining to fall into the hands of the enemy, constructed a vast funeral pyre, heaping on it his most cherished possessions, and finally mounting it himself. From this desperate situation he was rescued (according to one account) by Apollo, who sent a timely shower of rain; it is more likely that the Persians saved him; and the Greek belief that he "ended his days as a great noble at the Court of Persia" strengthens this view.

"The conquest of Lydia was Cyrus's most magnificent achievement." He followed it up, a few years later, with the capture of Babylon: and when he was killed in 529

this immense power, and in time to requite ten-fold the invasion of their territories."

Sir Percy Sykes tells again, with great force and clearness, the story of the repulsion and the requital. Marathon and Salamis weakened the Persian power; the reign of Darius II. further debilitated it; and then came Alexander the Great to complete its overthrow. The account of his marvellous campaigns, crowned by the great victories of Granicus, Issus, and Arbela, is admirable; Sir Percy Sykes does full justice to his hero-worship of the world's greatest general.

He neglects no single aspect of his vast subject. Sections on Religion, Literature, Architecture, and Art are interspersed between conquests and the rise and fall of dynasties. The general tenour of his work is not so serious that it cannot descend to picturesque detail and dramatic incident. Poetry was much esteemed in mediæval Persia; much esteemed and well paid. In the year 999 A.D., Firdausi completed his great national epic, the *Shahnama*. He was bitterly disappointed when, owing to intrigues and the imputation of unorthodoxy, the royal bounty rewarded him with a beggarly £400. This was much in excess of what Milton was to receive for "Paradise Lost"; but Firdausi had reckoned on getting half a guinea a couplet, a handsome rate of pay indeed, and twice as much as Scott (according to Byron's taunt) received at the height of his fame. If the poet's family was poor, it was also proud. Ashamed of his meanness, Mahmud, aroused by a warlike couplet to an appreciation of the poet's quality, sent him as a present, a load of indigo worth £30,000. A princely gift; but the train of camels bearing the royal bounty entered Tabaran by one gate just as the corpse of Firdausi was being carried out of another; and "the daughter of the poet refused the tardy gift." Posterity, apparently, never forgave Mahmud his aesthetic blindness; more than four centuries later, the poet Jami wrote—

"Gone is the greatness of Mahmud,
departed his glory,
And shrunk to 'He knew not the
worth of Firdausi,' his story."

Omar Khayyam is remembered in Persia not as a poet, but as an astronomer and historian. He was not buried under a rose-tree; he was probably not the author of some of the most famous quatrains attributed to him. History is not always kind to Romance!

Sir Percy Sykes admits that the *Shahnama* of Firdausi cannot be appreciated in translation; but he gives specimens from the works of many other Persian poets, among them Sadi and Hafiz. These have some charming images; but one feels that the English rendering has not quite caught their quality. On the other hand, the epitaph on the Vizier Nizam-al-Mulk, friend (according to tradition) of Omar Khayyam and of Hassan Sabbah, founder of the sect of the Assassins, has something of the laconic beauty of a fragment from the Greek Anthology:

"The Minister Nizam-al-Mulk was a peerless pearl, which the All-merciful God esteemed as of great price,
"But, precious as it was, the age knew not its value,
so in jealousy, he replaced it in its shell."

To express themselves in art seems to be a natural function of the Persians. Art survived conquest and massacre; seemed, indeed, to thrive on them. In 1227 died Chengiz Khan, "who had destroyed more human beings than any other recorded victorious warrior. 'The greatest joy,' (he said) 'is to conquer one's enemies, to pursue them, to seize their property, to see their families in tears, to ride their horses and possess their daughters and wives.'" He and his Mongol hordes almost exterminated the Persians. "Not one-thousandth of the population," it was said, "escaped"; and again, "if from now to the Day of Judgment, nothing hinders the growth of population, it cannot reach one-tenth of the figure at which it stood before the Mongol conquest." Yet the poet Sadi flourished and wrote during these dreadful years; Hafiz also lived during the period of Mongolian domination, and Jami, the last great classical poet of Persia, was a product of the same century which saw the death of Tamerlane—Tamerlane, who negotiated with England and Castile, who "threatened the world with high, astounding terms, and rode in triumph through Persepolis."

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

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We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

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Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

(perhaps trying to stem an invasion from the East) he was probably making preparations to attack Egypt. Greater as a soldier than as an administrator, he was a man of high ideals. "We may feel proud," Sir Percy Sykes says, "that the first great Aryan, whose character is known in history, should have displayed such splendid qualities."

Cambyes, who succeeded his father, was an epileptic and committed suicide. The government fell into the hands of Darius. On the principle of *divide et impera*, he organised the empire into satrapies which yielded, in revenue, nearly four million pounds a year. He added many provinces to his already vast dominions: "the Punjab with Sind to the east, and Thrace with Macedonia to the west, were annexed apparently without any special difficulty. We thus see an empire which included the whole of the known world and a good deal of territory till then unknown, which stretched from the burning sands of Africa to the ice-bound borders of China, vast but obedient; and we may well say that here we reach the zenith of Persia, and, indeed, of all the great empires that the world had yet seen. Nevertheless, in Hellas were to be found a few thousand warriors who, preposterous as it might appear, were destined to repel the collective might of

*"A History of Persia." By Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G. With Maps and Illustrations. Two Volumes. [New Edition; Revised and Brought up to Date.] (Macmillan; £2 2s.).

A CITY INHABITED IN FOUR MILLENNIUMS: EXCAVATIONS AND DISCOVERIES AT ARGOS.

By Courtesy of Dr. Vollgraff.



THE SITE OF THE THEATRE OF ARGOS AS IT APPEARED BEFORE EXCAVATION: THE GRASSY SLOPES ON WHICH THE FIRST NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GREEKS WAS HELD IN 1821, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF YPSILANTIS.



THE THEATRE AT ARGOS AFTER EXCAVATION: A PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT PROBABLY DATING FROM THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.; WITH THE ANCIENT CIRCULAR FORM OF ORCHESTRA.

1.
Dr. Vollgraff (Professor at the University of Utrecht), the distinguished archæologist, notes that the city of Argos—one of the oldest and most famous in Greek History—was protected by two citadels, the *Larissa* (about 900 ft. above sea-level) and the *Aspis* (about 240 ft.), on both of which he made excavations. He also uncovered the Mycenaean necropolis at the foot; the sanctuary of the Pythian Apollo on the side of the *Aspis*; part of the great *agora*, or market-place, in the plain; one of the eighteen temples that surrounded it; the oldest tribunal in the city (a place to be compared with

[Continued in Box 2.]



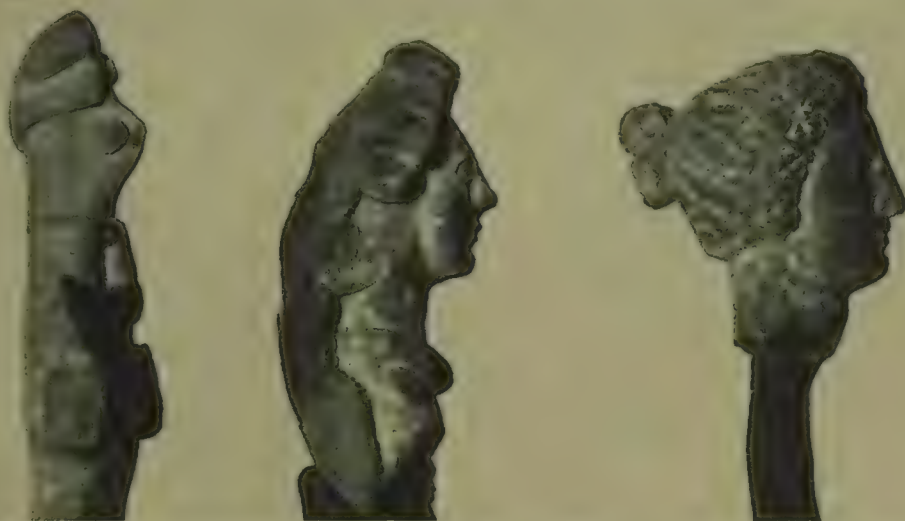
THE LARISSA, ONE OF THE TWO CITADELS OF ARGOS: A STRONGHOLD OCCUPIED SINCE THE DAWN OF GREEK HISTORY, AND NOW TO BE SEEN CROWNED WITH VENETIAN FORTIFICATIONS.



A UNIQUE BYZANTINE MOTIF OF CHURCH DECORATION: A MAN SWINGING (CHIN UP) FROM TWO RINGS FOUND IN A 12TH-CENTURY CHURCH ON THE LARISSA.

2.
the Areopagus at Athens); and, last of all, the theatre. The city of Argos, he says, seems to have been founded about 2000 B.C.—that is to say, at the beginning of the so-called Middle-Helladic period of Southern Greece (roughly contemporaneous with Middle Minoan I. and II. in Crete). During the succeeding Mycenaean period it did not cease to exist,

[Continued below.]



THE EVOLUTION OF THE ARGIVE TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE: (LEFT) A PRODUCT OF THE "GEOMETRICAL" PERIOD—OF BIRD-LIKE APPEARANCE; (CENTRE) AN ARCHAIC HEAD—STILL RETAINING THE HEAVY COLLAR; (RIGHT) A PRODUCT OF THE BEST CLASSICAL PERIOD.

[Continued.]

but the hegemony of Argolis had then passed into the hands of the kings of Mycenæ. It resumed its preponderance in the period of geometrically decorated pottery, and it had a short time of glory during the reign of Pheidon, who, from King of Argos, made himself Tyrant, and was the mightiest man in Greece in the last half of the seventh century B.C. (that is, in the post-Homeric period). The subsequent centuries saw the gradual decay of the power and greatness of Argos, which had altered its constitution to a democracy, as Athens also did, at the opening of the historical period, in the fifth century B.C. The Spartans were unrelenting enemies of the Argives in the Peloponnese, and at one time caused the whole army of Argos to perish by fire—a blow



ANTI-MILITARISM IN ANCIENT ARGOS: A BRONZE VOTIVE PLAQUE SHOWING THE DONOR ON HIS WAR HORSE AND THE INSCRIPTION—"A CURSE UPON ENVALIOS" (I.E., MARS).

from which the city never completely recovered. The place was, however, never deserted; remains of every period, from 2000 B.C. onward, are found there, and it is a populous town even now.

WONDER FISH IN ENGLISH WATERS: HUGE TUNNY CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE OFF THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

THE FIRST TUNNY CAUGHT IN HOME WATERS
INAUGURATES A NEW AND THRILLING FORM
OF SPORT FOR BRITISH SEA ANGLERS.

By F. B. HANNAM, Author of "Tussles with Tunnies" in the Quarterly Journal of the British Sea Anglers' Society.

(See Illustrations opposite and on Pages 1068 and 1069.)

The following article consists of extracts taken, by Mr. Hannam's permission, from a much longer lecture which he delivered recently before the British Sea Anglers' Society. Certain passages have been transferred, for reasons of space, to other pages dealing with the subject.

ALTHOUGH I was not actually in at the death of the first tunny to be caught in British waters on rod and line, I arrived at Scarborough, on Aug. 27, to find that Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry had just got in, after a 22½-hours' trip, and had been entirely successful, bringing in the famous fish which won for him the trophy offered by the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners for the first tunny caught on rod and line under the rules of the British Sea Anglers' Society, from a boat going out from, and returning to, Scarborough, and also the silver cigar-lighter given by our Society as a souvenir of the event.

I wish to say at once that although I, like everyone else, would have been pleased to achieve this feat, yet I am more than glad that Mr. Mitchell-Henry actually caught this first fish, because he, of all men, thoroughly deserves the distinction of holding this imperishable record. It is seldom that the man who has devoted many years to the improvement of modern tackle reaps the reward of his labours, and it would have been a shame if he had been forestalled. His success created a perfect *furor* in Scarborough, and it reverberated throughout the British Isles. Telegrams and letters of congratulation poured in; the fish was first of all weighed at the Corporation offices, and then placed on a big platform under a marquee on the pier, and the public were admitted to view this historic fish—which weighed 560 lb., measuring 8 ft. 6 in., with a girth of 5 ft. 10 in.—at a charge of 3d. per head (children, rd.). Picture-postcards of the fish, with its captor, were sold, at 2d. each, to the number of 3000. Walking along the sea front, he was followed by an admiring crowd, and had to sign the autograph-books of countless little Yorkshire lasses.

I must emphasise the magnitude of Mr. Mitchell-Henry's effort. He had heard that there were other sea anglers, not members of the B.S.A.S., already at work at Scarborough, and, arriving on the Monday evening, he made his arrangements next day, hired a motor-boat, provisioned it, engaged skipper, engineer, and row-boatman, and left at 10 o'clock that night, going fifty miles out into the North Sea to find his fish, steering a compass course throughout the night. This motor-boat had no cabin, shelter, or convenience of any kind, except a fo'c'sle, which, of course, was quite impossible for any ordinary man to sit in, as the boat had been in use for commercial fishing, and was tainted throughout with the smell of stale fish. He was therefore forced to spend the night sitting on the hatch-cover on deck. At daylight a trawler was sighted, the motor-boat approached it, and the skipper was asked if he had seen any tunny. The reply was: "What are you doing out here?" When told that the expedition proposed to try and catch a tunny on rod and line, the skipper said that there were plenty of fish round the trawler, but that it was no use trying to catch them in any way, as they were too big for men to handle.

About 100 yards from the trawler, Mr. Mitchell-Henry threw a herring into the sea, and immediately a tunny rose and took it. It might be thought that the moment had arrived to jump into the row-boat and start fishing, but Mr. Mitchell-Henry was

too seasoned a warrior. He realised that there might be a very long fight, and therefore directed one man to throw out an occasional herring to keep the fish around, whilst he and his row-boatman had some breakfast. Unfortunately, the engineer had stopped the engine, fearing that its noise might frighten the fish away. This engine was very difficult to start except when dead cold. During the hurried meal, fog appeared, and, as the engine failed to start, Mr. Mitchell-Henry would not leave the parent boat, because there was a serious risk of not being found again when once the fish got away with him and the row-boat. For over two hours he sat alone in the dinghy hanging on to the motor-boat, throwing out herrings to keep the fish around, whilst three men tried to start the engine. Fog-horns were blowing all round, and there was considerable danger of being run into. The trawler he had just left let out a long series of blasts, to signal the presence of many fish. The skipper of the motor-boat said it meant "Keep out of my way." Conditions were not very reassuring, therefore, on the little motor-

boat for the fish was still full of life; it let out with its tail, swamping Mr. Mitchell-Henry and the boatman and nearly smashing in the side of the boat. It was not until he had fought it for a further hour and a quarter, making two hours in all, that the dead fish was hauled to the side of the row-boat and gaffed by Mr. Mitchell-Henry himself. Then the launch came alongside, and the giant fish was hauled aboard with block and tackle. It was an achievement of which any angler could justly be proud, and our Society owes him a deep debt of gratitude for undertaking such a great adventure on its behalf.

On the next day, at 2 a.m., our little party—Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. Mitchell-Henry, and I—started off to try and find the fish again, but we were not very successful during our visit.

One day Lord Egerton hooked a big fish. We on board the motor-boat actually saw the fish take the herring. It was a real monster, and the speed at which it went off was too great for anyone without experience of hooking such a large fish before. Instead of letting it have its first run unchecked, he

started to fight it hard at once, with the usual result of a broken line. I have tried several times to indicate what this first awful rush feels like. A skipper of a trawler told me that he once hooked a tunny on a large hook with a thick wire trace attached to a new one-inch manilla rope, twenty "fathoms" long. This rope snapped like a piece of string. It is, of course, an awful temptation to try and stop the fish, but it is quite useless. Before Lord Egerton's line broke, I saw his rod touch the gunwale, but instead of the rod snapping like a carrot (as my rod did at Odden (Denmark) under similar circumstances), owing to its being bound round, by Mr. Mitchell-Henry's advice, with two layers of tape, it stood this test, and it was the new 39-thread line which broke. The rod itself showed no sign of the great strain put on it. This new Mitchell-Henry rod is far and away better than the American hickory rods I used in Denmark.

On Sept. 8 I received a wire saying that the British Museum wanted a tunny to make a cast for exhibition. Next day I was lucky enough to hook a fish which went away in fine style. Unfortunately, my rowing-boat was in between our motor-boat and a trawler. I had a little difficulty in forcing myself to pursue a course of masterly inactivity whilst 250 yards of line disappeared under the trawler, whose nets were luckily on its deck. As soon as the fish had decided on his direction, my man, acting on my instructions, backed the boat in a direction that would take my line away from the trawler, and in a few moments we were clear, while I was putting a slight strain on the fish which helped to tow the

boat along. After 400 yards of line had gone, the fish was still making headway faster than we could follow him. I let him take another fifty yards before putting on any really great force, and then, as the last few yards were disappearing, on went my brake solid, and the fish stopped. Then came the fatiguing work of recovering line. At the end of a counted thousand revolutions of the handle, I had plenty of line back on the reel, so I told my boatman to stop back-watering and pull a bit against the fish. When the line was taut, I put one big strain on the fish and off he went again. I let him take about half the amount of line recovered before checking him, and then commenced the plan that I had been maturing for twelve months.

Instead of keeping the boat's nose pointing towards the fish, and therefore reeling the boat towards it

(Continued on page 1065.)



GEAR OF THE TYPE USED TO CATCH THE FIRST TUNNY EVER TAKEN IN BRITISH WATERS
WITH ROD AND LINE: THE MITCHELL-HENRY "BIG-GAME" FISHING OUTFIT.

This photograph shows details of the outfit devised by Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry and used by him in making the historic catch described on this page. The harness is of webbing and leather, padded where necessary, and the rod is attached to it by a raw hide strap. A swivelling rod-rest at the butt end of the rod is bolted to the boat seat in front of the angler, as shown in the drawing on page 1069. The reel capacity is 800 yards of 39-thread line, and the reel is fitted with a Ferodo-lined brake. The sole makers of the outfit are Messrs. J. Bernard and Son, 45, Pall Mall, London, W.

boat, from which they could not then see more than fifty yards.

As soon as the engine had been restarted, and the boatman had jumped into the dinghy, more herrings were thrown out. The fog having lifted a bit, Mr. Mitchell-Henry instructed the skipper of the motor-boat to do his best to keep him in sight. He put his bait overboard; it was at once seized by a fish, and the fight commenced. Within half an hour the tunny was brought up tail-first alongside the rowing-boat, but got away again. Mr. Mitchell-Henry told the boatman that, if this happened again, a noose should be put round its tail. After another quarter of an hour the tail reappeared, and the boatman started to make a noose ready; but this took time—enough for the fish to get his second wind. Luckily, this attempt to noose the tail was a failure,

ENGLISH WATERS FOR "BIG GAME" FISHING: A RECORD CATCH OFF THE BRITISH COAST.



THE FIRST TUNNY EVER TAKEN ON ROD AND LINE IN BRITISH WATERS, AND ITS CAPTOR: MR. L. MITCHELL-HENRY WITH HIS 560-LB. FISH, CAUGHT AUGUST 27.



THE LARGEST CATCH DURING THE FIRST BRITISH SEASON OF "BIG GAME" ANGLING: MR. FRED TAYLOR WITH HIS ENORMOUS 735-LB. TUNNY, "A REAL WONDER FISH."



COL. STAPLETON-COTTON AND HIS 630-LB. TUNNY, WHICH HE CAUGHT AFTER A FOUR-HOURS' STRUGGLE AND GAFFED SINGLE-HANDED.



CAPTOR AND CATCH: MR. HAROLD J. HARDY WITH HIS 392-LB. TUNNY, A BEAUTIFUL FISH THAT WAS EXCEPTIONAL IN RETAINING MUCH OF ITS WONDERFUL COLOURING LONGER THAN USUAL.



AN ORDER FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT) EXECUTED WITHIN TWO DAYS! MR. F. B. HANNAM (EXTREME LEFT), AUTHOR OF OUR ARTICLE OPPOSITE, SUPERVISING HIS 591-LB. TUNNY BEING HOISTED ABOARD A MOTOR-BOAT.

The first season of tunny-fishing with rod and line off the British coast, inaugurated by Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry's historic catch off Scarborough on August 27, was extraordinarily successful. In a passage omitted (for reasons of space) from the article on the opposite page, describing this and other catches—his own included—Mr. F. B. Hannam writes: "In spite of the worst possible luck in the way of weather and boats, five members of the British Sea Anglers' Society each caught a tunny, the average weight 581 lb. I venture to assert that no other country has come within hundreds of pounds of such a record for the first year of its big game angling." Elsewhere Mr. Hannam says: "Col. Stapleton-Cotton got amongst fish at daybreak on his one day at Scarborough, hooked and lost six fish in rapid succession, and finally, after a four-hours' fight, got one of 630 lb., and brought it to the gaff single-handed—indeed a great achievement. Mr. Fred Taylor, of Manchester, in his one day's outing, got the best fish of the season, 735 lb., a real wonder fish, within

23 lb. of the world's record tunny caught by Mr. Zane Grey in Nova Scotia waters (British, mark you!). Mr. Taylor's fish was four times the weight of a 13-st. man, and it was killed on a line much thinner than a match-stick! Mr. Harold Hardy, a brother of the managing director of Hardy Bros., the great fishing-tackle makers, returned with a fish of 392 lb. It was a beautiful fish, and the first one I had ever seen which retained any of its glorious colours. I hope he will tell Messrs. Hardy what tackle he wants to fight one of the 1000-pounders he has seen off the Yorkshire coast."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. TAYLOR, COL. STAPLETON-COTTON, AND MR. HARDY, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE CATCHES, BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. HARDY BROS., 61, Pall Mall. (SEE ARTICLE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)

BIG GAME FISHING AT HOME— A GREAT NEW BRITISH SPORT: ANGLING FOR GIANT TUNNY OFF THE COAST OF YORKSHIRE.



THE "BOIL" MADE BY A TUNNY TAKING A HERRING SOME 2 TO 3 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE: AN INCIDENT DURING THE FIRST SEASON OF BIG-GAME ANGLING IN BRITISH HOME WATERS.



TUNNY-FISHING FROM A ROW-BOAT—THE TYPE OF CRAFT FAVOURED BY BRITISH ANGLERS IN PREFERENCE TO MOTOR-BOATS: WAITING FOR A TUNNY TO BITE (AS IN THE DRAWING OPPOSITE).



THE AUTHOR OF OUR ARTICLE (ON PAGE 1066) USING THE BIG GAME FISHING OUTFIT THERE ILLUSTRATED: MR. F. B. HANNAM ANGLING FOR TUNNY.



LIKE THE BURSTING OF AN ANTI-SUBMARINE DEPTH-CHARGE THE "BOIL" MADE BY A MONSTER TUNNY TAKING A HERRING ON TO THE SURFACE—EVIDENCE OF THE ENORMOUS POWER POSSESSED BY THESE GIGANTIC FISH.

Huge as were the specimens of tunny (illustrated on page 1069) caught off the Yorkshire coast during the first big game angling season in home waters, still more gigantic fish are known to exist there. Mr. F. B. Hannam, author of our article on page 1066, says that Mr. Mitchell-Henry (whose historic catch is there described) hooked one of these monsters, and was taken away in his row-boat at a tremendous speed. "He didn't realise (Mr. Hannam continues) the strain involved in towing him at this terrific rate, and the line proved not strong enough to stand it. I am certain that the fish was very much larger than that caught by Mr. Taylor (735 lb.), and would have created a new world's record. Mr. Mitchell-Henry himself says that he never had a fish in all his experience that had anything like its power." Describing the methods favoured by British sea-anglers, Mr. Hannam writes: "Every fish hooked from a motor-boat

was lost, but there are five men ready to refute Mr. Zane Grey's statement that you cannot fight a tunny from a rowing-boat. The great thing is to keep away from the fish and fight him from the side, as a horse-breaker keeps the horse going in a circle round him, remaining himself as still as possible. Thus pressure is always kept on the side of the tunny's mouth, and he cannot get 'tail-on' to the angler—a position that gives the fish great advantage, as the powerful tail has then only to be moved slightly to put a great strain on the angler."

HOOKING TUNNY IN BRITISH WATERS: A GIANT ABOUT TO BITE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER, FROM PARTICULARS GIVEN BY MR. L. MITCHELL-HENRY. (COPYRIGHTED.) (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 1066.)



THE THRILLING SPORT OF BIG GAME FISHING RECENTLY INAUGURATED IN BRITISH WATERS: A MONSTER TUNNY TAKING A HERRING BAIT IN THE TRAWLING GROUNDS OFF SCARBOROUGH.

Big game fishing off the coasts of this country has now become an accomplished fact, since Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry inaugurated the sport by catching the first tunny taken with rod and line in British waters—a monster weighing 560 lb.—as described in Mr. F. B. Hannam's article on page 1066 of this number. This historic catch was made in the trawling grounds off Scarborough, on August 27 last, and subsequently other members of the British Sea Anglers' Society caught even larger specimens, of which photographs appear on page 1067. The above drawing illustrates the beginning of a struggle with one of these monsters, and is typical of the methods employed. It shows the "boil"

made in the sea by the huge fish as it rushes to seize its supposed prey—a herring baiting the hook trailed near the surface of the water. The sportsman sits near the bow of the boat with the rod held to the seat by a swivelled joint, and supported by harness over the shoulders. One hand (the right) is on the "wind" of the reel, and the other hand (the left) on the brake. The boatman is easily able to manœuvre the double-ended boat ahead or astern as required. Tunny frequently follow the trawlers (seen in right background) for herring dropped from the nets. The motor-boat in the left background is acting as parent ship to the dinghy.

A MICROCOSM OF THE UNIVERSE: THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

LATELY DESCRIBED BY SIR JAMES JEANS AS "THE BEST REPRESENTATION... OF THE NEW UNIVERSE REVEALED BY THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY."

By A. S. C. LAWRENCE, with Illustrations reproduced from his book, "Soap Films," by Courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.
(See also Colour Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

MOST of us have played with soap-bubbles in our childhood; we all wash more or less frequently, according to our circumstances; but we never stop to consider what a curious thing a bubble nor what problems a mass of foam suggests.

is seen at once. The "skins"—there is one inside the bubble and one outside—pucker in a very curious manner (Fig. 1, left). As the bubble is still further contracted, the liquid is squeezed out from between the "skins," and forms a drop at the bottom of the bubble (Fig. 1, right). It may be mentioned, in passing, that, on account of this capacity for forming lasting foam, saponin is sometimes added to liquors on which a "head" is desired. A decoction of sliced "conkers" contains enough saponin to show these effects.

In a soap-bubble, this surface skin is much thinner: so thin, in fact, that it cannot be observed directly. Its thinness and lack of that rigidity which characterises saponin bubbles allow soap-bubbles to thin, and so show the gorgeous colours with which we are all familiar. Films and bubbles usually break just when they are reaching their maximum brilliance, but, if made from very pure soap and protected from all disturbance, there is a surprising sequel. The colour pales through magenta, amber, pale gold, and then silvery white



FIG. 1. (LEFT) CURIOUS PUCKERING OF THE INNER AND OUTER "SKINS" OF A SOAP-BUBBLE; (RIGHT) LIQUID SQUEEZED OUT FROM BETWEEN THE "SKINS," BY CONTRACTION, FORMING A DROP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BUBBLE.

Why do soap-bubbles exist at all? If a wire ring is dipped into soap and water, a flat film is formed across it. If a tube is dipped in, a flat film is also formed; this can then be blown up into the familiar spherical bubble. Foam is nothing but a mass of flat films interconnected according to a simple rule: only three films can meet along any line, and they will be equally inclined towards one another. Fig. 2, which shows the two possible forms of coalescence of four bubbles, illustrates this fact. It also follows from this rule that, at any point, four edges and six films meet. This sounds rather alarming, but can be verified in the photograph.

Now, the reason for the existence of bubbles and films is that they consist of liquid enclosed in a sort of "skin." Rather peculiar bubbles can be blown from water containing saponin; the skin in these bubbles is very much thicker than it is in soap-bubbles, and can actually be seen. A saponin-bubble, when first blown, is just like a soap-bubble; if, however, the air is then sucked out of it again, a difference



FIG. 2. THE TWO POSSIBLE FORMS OF COALESCENCE OF FOUR SOAP-BUBBLES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THAT AT ANY POINT FOUR EDGES AND SIX FILMS MEET.

"skin" in inverted commas whenever I use it here. Provided the film does not break when the black spot appears—as a matter of fact, it very often does—it steadily grows in area until it has invaded the whole of the film or bubble, which, in spite of this almost incredible tenuity, can still last for months or even years if undisturbed.

In the laboratory a very peculiar variation of the appearance of the black spot has been observed. Under suitable conditions, instead of one black spot forming and then growing, the film breaks out into a veritable rash of black spots while it is still brilliantly coloured. Photographs of this strange behaviour were obtained with the apparatus shown in Fig. 3; a film was obtained by lowering the platinum wire ring into a dish of soap solution at the bottom of the glass box; it was then lifted up again until in alignment with the camera. As the film is vertical, the black spots rise as soon as formed, so causing the curious channelled appearance seen in Fig. 5. Fig. 6 shows a case where the onset of the "rash" was exceptionally severe.

Another peculiar piece of behaviour on the part of the soap film has been discovered recently. If some fluorescein is added to the soap and water, an entirely new structure may be formed. Fluorescein, it may be mentioned, is a dye which appears a different colour according to whether it is looked at or through; the former being a vivid green and the latter orange. Most of my readers will have seen it in an oil gauge on the dash-board of a car.

[Continued in box opposite.]

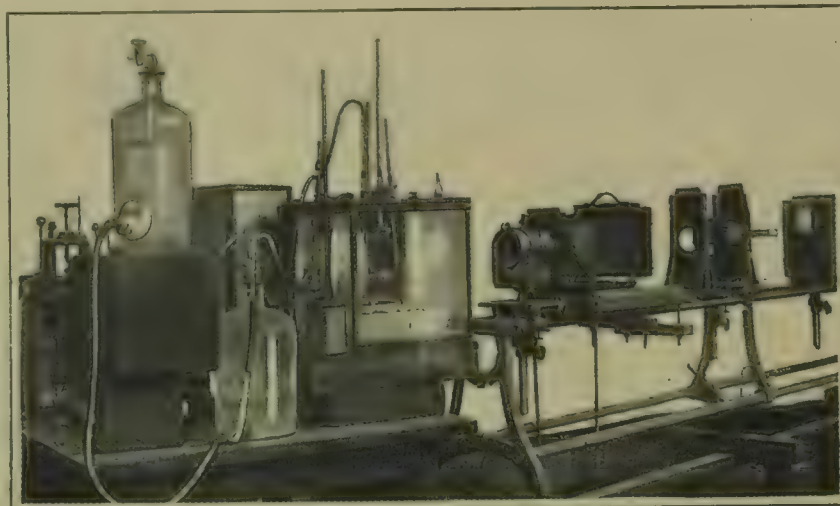


FIG. 3. HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE FORMATION OF A "RASH" OF BLACK SPOTS (FIGS. 5 AND 6, BELOW) WERE OBTAINED: THE APPARATUS USED, SHOWING A PLATINUM WIRE RING BEING LOWERED INTO A DISH OF SOAP SOLUTION AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS BOX (IN CENTRE).

(Fig. 13). A black spot then appears, looking almost as if a hole had been punched in the film; Fig. 4 is a photograph, taken through the microscope, of the formation of this black spot. It also shows that inside the first black is a second deeper one.

Now, there is every reason to believe that the lighter of the black spots consists of the two surface "skins" alone, all the interior liquid having drained away; while the second black, which is only half as thick as the first, is a single "skin" which has undergone some slight rearrangement, the companion one having broken. The thickness of the deeper black spot is only one five-millionth of an inch; that is why I put the word



FIG. 4. THE FORMATION OF A BLACK SPOT (IN AN UNBROKEN SOAP-BUBBLE) CONTAINING A DEEPER BLACK SPOT ONLY 5 MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH THICK: LATER PHASES OF "SKINS" PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.



FIG. 5. THE CURIOUS CHANNELLED APPEARANCE CAUSED BY A "RASH" OF BLACK SPOTS RISING ON THE SOAP-FILM: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH THE APPARATUS SEEN IN FIG. 3

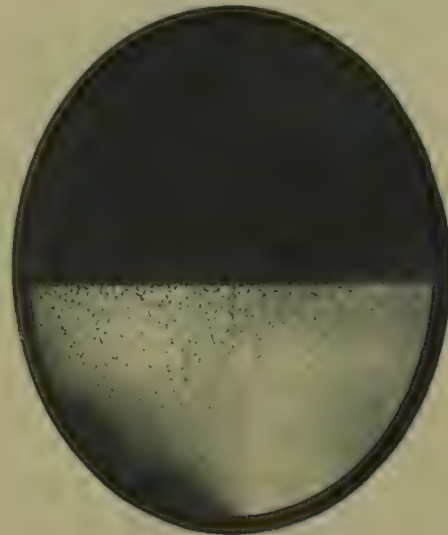


FIG. 6. A SOAP-FILM IN WHICH THE ONSET OF THE "RASH" OF BLACK SPOTS WAS EXCEPTIONALLY SEVERE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH THE DEVICE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE IN FIG. 3.

Wonders of the Soap-Bubble: An Image of the Universe.



FIG. 7. A SOAP-BUBBLE WITH QUITE A THICK FILM PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOURS THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE. (100 TIMES ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 8. A SOAP-BUBBLE WITH A THIN STRATIFIED FILM, THINNEST IN THE WHITE PART, WHERE A BLACK SPOT WILL FORM. (MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES.)



FIG. 9. A LATER STAGE OF THE SOAP-BUBBLE SHOWN IN FIG. 7 WITH BOUNDARIES JAGGED, INDICATING THAT THE FILM IS NO LONGER FLUID.

Continued from opposite page.

IN an ordinary soap film or bubble, the colours grade imperceptibly one into the next (Fig. 13); a film containing fluorescein begins life like this, but in it there soon appears a flake of some other colour, and then, round this, other flakes of various colours appear, until the whole film is made up of innumerable flakes or different colours. Each flake is, however, uniformly tinted all over and therefore of uniform

[Continued in Box 2.]



FIG. 10. A SOAP-BUBBLE FORMED OF A STRATIFIED FILM OF MEDIUM THICKNESS. (MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 11. A SOAP-BUBBLE WITH A CRINKLED FILM NOW SOLID ENOUGH FOR A HOLE (SEEN IN THE CENTRE) TO FORM IN IT WITHOUT COMPLETE COLLAPSE.

edges of the layers are jagged, and the next crinkled stage in Fig. 12 shows that the film has now become really solid and a hole can now form in it without complete collapse (Fig. 11). I have pointed out that the existence of soap films and bubbles depends on the formation at each surface of a "skin" which behaves like an elastic solid. How this can occur in a fluid film, and how such a film can become

[Continued in Box 4.]



FIG. 12. THE EXTREME CRINKLED STAGE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE, SHOWING THAT THE FILM HAS NOW BECOME REALLY SOLID.

thickness. The actual size of the flakes is so small that they have to be observed under the microscope by reflected light. Figs. 8 and 10 are photographs taken in natural colours through the microscope with a magnification of fifty; Figs. 7 and 9 are 100 times actual size. In this latter it can be seen that the film is here becoming less fluid: the

[Continued in Box 3.]

The subject of soap-bubbles has been brought into prominence recently by Sir James Jeans, the famous astronomer, in a lecture and in his book, "The Mysterious Universe" (reviewed in our issue of November 22), wherein he writes: "To sum up, a soap-bubble with irregularities and corrugations on its surface is perhaps the best representation, in terms of simple and familiar materials, of the new universe revealed to us by the theory of relativity. The universe is not the interior of the

[Continued opposite.]

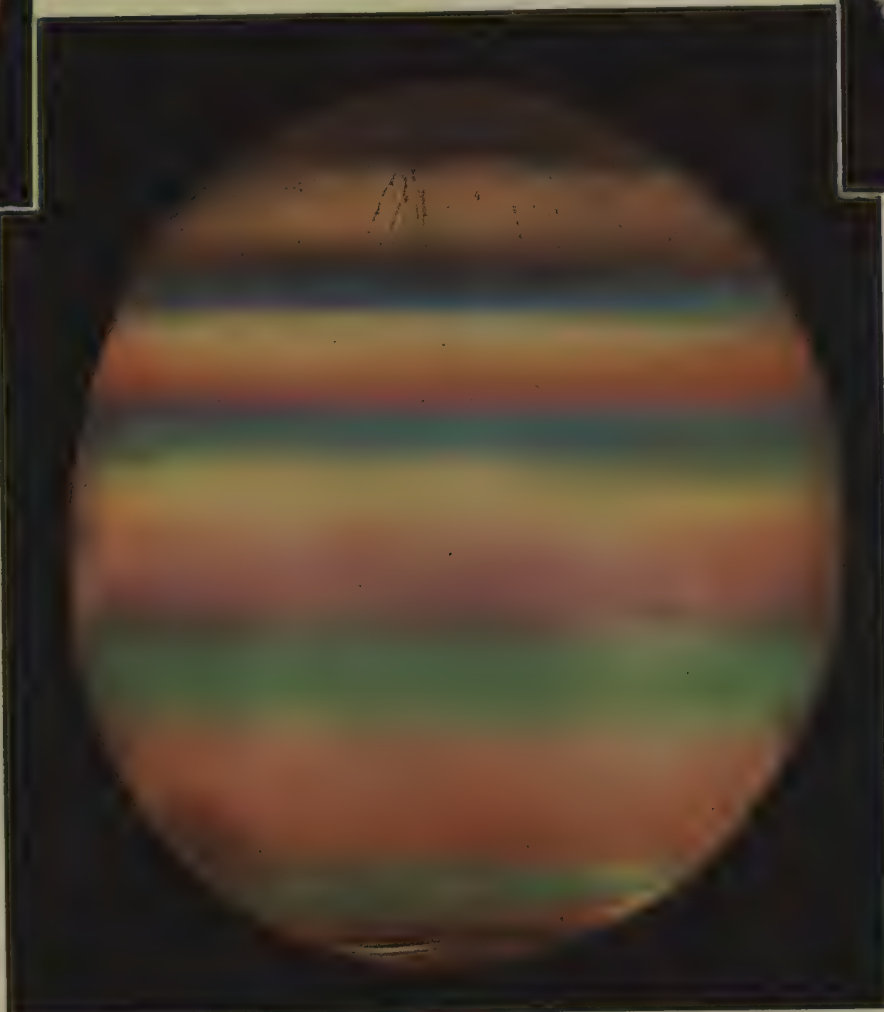


FIG. 13. AN ORDINARY SOAP FILM ON A WIRE RING, WITH COLOURS MERGING IMPERCEPTIBLY ONE INTO ANOTHER, ONLY THE BOUNDARY OF THE BLACK BEING SHARPLY DEFINED. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

stratified, cannot be explained in non-technical language. Those who want a full description of the processes should consult my book, "Soap Films," published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, to whom I am indebted for the reproduction of Figs. 1 to 7 and 11. The autochrome microphotographs were taken at the Royal Institution by permission of Sir William Bragg.

soap-bubble, but its surface, and we must always remember that, while the surface of the soap-bubble has only two dimensions, the universe-bubble has four—three dimensions of space and one of time. And the substance out of which this bubble is blown, the soap-film, is empty space welded on to empty time." Sir James amplifies this comparison in a later chapter, and elsewhere develops a similar analogy in connection with "the well-known experiment of electrifying a soap-bubble."

Imperial Pieces from an Altar: Late Ming for the Museum.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A NOTE in the "British Museum Quarterly" for December records that the Chinese vase and two candlesticks illustrated on this page, which are from a superb altar set of the late Ming period, are the most important acquisition by purchase made by the Department of Ceramics and Ethnography in 1930. The altar set to which they belong consisted, when complete, of an incense-burner, a pair of flower-vases, and a pair of pricket candlesticks. The makers of square vases were considered the most expert of the Chinese potters, because the angular shape entails special difficulties in construction and firing. In the present case, it is pointed out, the great size and weight of these imposing objects must have added to the difficulty, and it was found necessary to make each piece in several sections: namely, the risers, the projecting centrepieces, the necks, and, in the case of the candlesticks, the cup-shaped tops. To make these parts so that they fit together with such accuracy was no mean achievement; and it is remarkable how little of their rhythm the

(Continued opposite.)



Continued.

outlines have lost in this mechanical process. The decoration is in the brocade style, always a favourite with the Ming potters, and, in this case, suggesting a yellow silk worked with coloured designs. It is expressed in polychrome glazes, the designs being outlined in brown, in a ground of full yellow glaze. The designs themselves, five-clawed dragons winding in and out of clouds and flames, might have been taken from an Imperial robe. The only departure from the polychrome technique on this altar set is in the cartouches which run along the lip in front of each piece, and give the precious information that the set was made in the reign of Wan Li (1573-1619). These inscriptions are painted in cobalt-blue under a wash of white porcelain glaze locally applied. That the vase and candlesticks stood on the altar of some notably important shrine or tomb is certain; and that they were originally made for Imperial service is evident not only from the inscription in the cartouches but from the presence of five-clawed (Imperial) dragons in the decoration.

SUPERB PORCELAIN: THE FLOWER-VASE FROM AN ALTAR SET OF THE LATE MING PERIOD WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE CHINESE CERAMIC TREASURES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (73 CM. HIGH.)

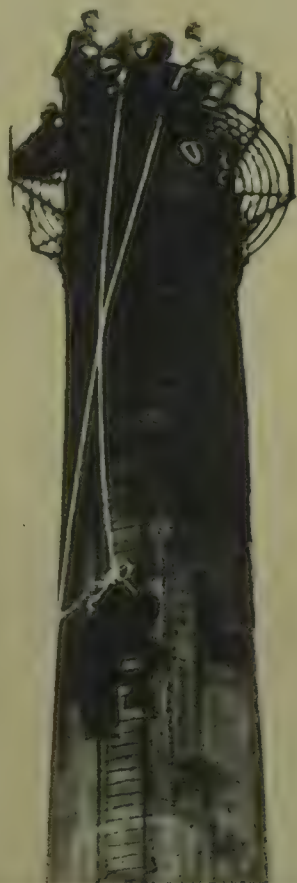


WITH CARTOUCHES DATING THEM AS HAVING BEEN MADE IN THE REIGN OF WAN LI (1573-1619): THE PORCELAIN PRICKET CANDLESTICKS FROM THE ALTAR SET; PIECES WHICH WERE MADE FOR IMPERIAL SERVICE. (75 CM. HIGH.)

THE MAN WHO DID NOT LOOK DOWN UPON THE EMPEROR!



AT THE TOP OF THE FACTORY CHIMNEY, FROM WHICH HE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED DOWN UPON THE EMPEROR AND THUS HAVE BROKEN AGES-OLD ETIQUETTE: A JAPANESE AGITATOR ON HIS LOFTY POST, WHICH HE "HELD" FOR OVER A HUNDRED HOURS.



ALL DANGER OF ANYONE LOOKING DOWN UPON THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN REMOVED: THE AGITATOR BEING LOWERED FROM THE TOP OF THE FACTORY CHIMNEY AFTER HIS LONG STAY THERE, DURING WHICH HE MADE VARIOUS ADDRESSES TO THE CROWD BELOW.



WHEN TEN THOUSAND SPECTATORS WERE PRESENT: THE SCENE AT THE FUJI COTTON WORKS AT KAWASAKI AS THE AGITATOR WAS BEING BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE 130-FOOT-HIGH CHIMNEY AFTER HIS RECORD PROTEST.



THE AGITATOR LOOKING WELL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF; BUT UNDER MEDICAL TREATMENT: THE WORKMAN ON A STRETCHER BEFORE BEING TAKEN TO HOSPITAL.



THE LAST SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT OF THE COMEDY-DRAMA! THE AGITATOR BEING CARRIED ON A STRETCHER TO HOSPITAL, AFTER HAVING BEEN GIVEN MEDICAL FIRST-AID IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DESCENT.

It being against all etiquette for anyone to look down upon the Emperor of Japan, considerable consternation was caused by the action of a workman who chose to protest against the discharge of fellow-employees from the Fuji Cotton Works by climbing to the top of the factory chimney at Kawasaki, one-hundred-and-thirty feet from the ground, and defying all persuasion to make him come down. He took up his strange post on Sunday, November 16, and he still "held" it on the following Thursday! Then, Officialdom really became seriously worried, for the Emperor was to pass the factory on the following day while

returning to Tokyo from the manœuvres, and, unless something were done, he would be gazed upon from above. Fortunately for its fears, the workman was down before his Imperial Majesty passed by. It was reported at the time merely that he had descended to earth, but, as our photographs show, it would seem that he had some assistance! It has been said since that the "hero" of this extraordinary occurrence is a member of the Labour Farmers' Party, and that he not only climbed the chimney, but hoisted a red flag on the top of it. Such a flag, it will be noticed, the photographs do not show.

EXPLOSION ; TORNADO ; DEATH-FOG : DISASTERS OF THE SEA AND OF THE LAND.

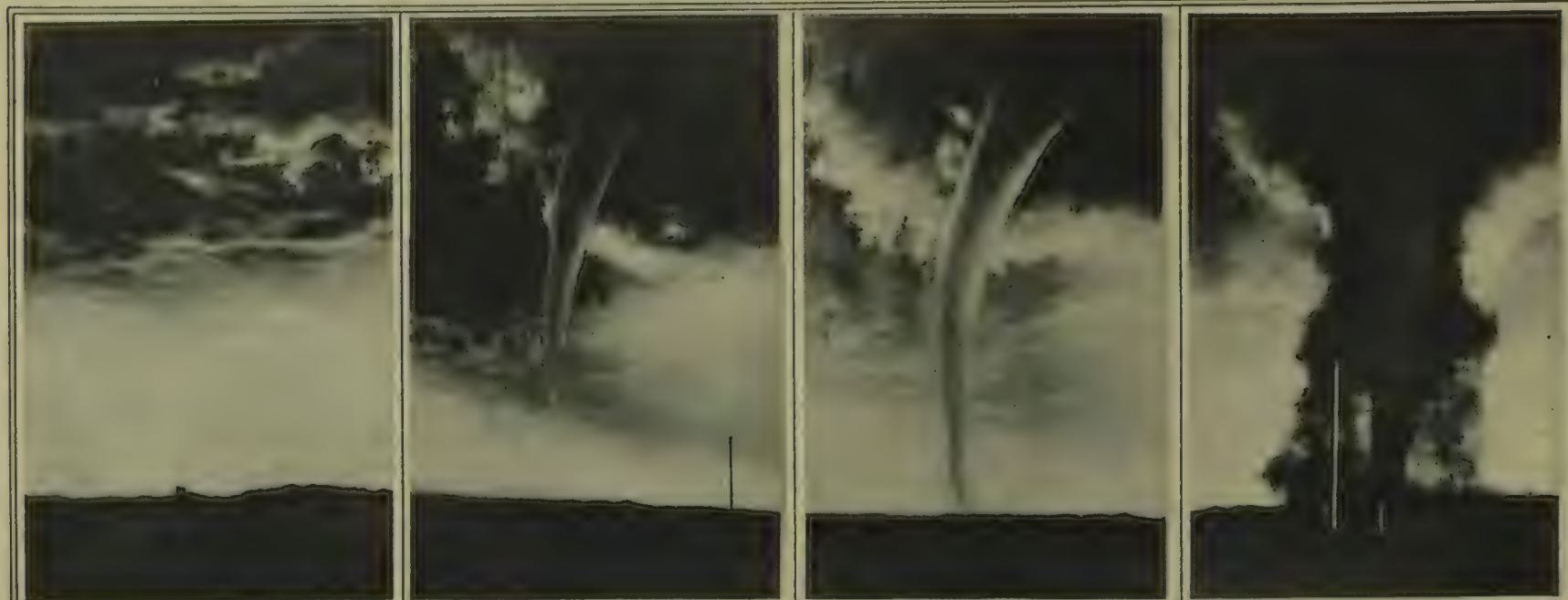


THE SALVAGE-SHIP DISASTER : THE "ARTIGLIO," WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY THE BLOWING-UP OF THE MUNITIONS-SHIP "FLORENCE," WHICH SHE WAS ATTEMPTING TO DEMOLISH.

The Italian salvage-ship "Artiglio," famous for her successful location of the wreck of the P. and O. liner "Egypt" this summer, and for other feats of deep-sea salvage, was destroyed, off Quiberon, by a violent explosion on December 7. She had remained in the Atlantic after suspending work on the "Egypt," and had undertaken to clear away the wreck of the steamer "Florence." The "Florence" carried a cargo of munitions. To demolish her, charges of

VICTIMS OF THE "ARTIGLIO" DISASTER : CAPTAIN BERTHOLOTTO (IN CAP) ; AND DIVERS FRANCESCHI, GIANNI, AND BARGELLINI (L. TO R.).

explosives were placed round her as she lay in only 50 ft. of water, a little north of the Island of Houat. The "Artiglio" was about 100 yards off when the charges were fired, and, it is assumed, by some miscalculation the cargo of the "Florence" blew up. Eye-witnesses describe an enormous column of smoke and water 900 ft. high. When this cleared away, the "Artiglio" had gone, and only seven of her crew were picked up alive.



THE PROGRESS OF A TORNADO PHOTOGRAPHED : STAGES IN THE FORMATION OF A SCOURGE OF NATURE—FROM THE ACCUMULATION OF BLACK CLOUDS TO THE POINT AT WHICH A FARM-HOUSE WAS STRUCK.

Readers will remember that we have from time to time made a feature of remarkable photographs from America illustrating the formation of big tornadoes there. The series reproduced above

(taken by Mrs. Roy Homer, of Gothenburg, Nebraska) is of peculiar interest in that it shows the successive stages of a tornado's progress—(l. to r.) firstly, black clouds rolled together; secondly, the formation of the curious funnel pointing downwards "like a radish"; thirdly, the tornado reaching a small pond, which it sucked dry; fourthly, striking a farm-house.



THE MYSTERIOUS, MUCH-DEBATED BELGIAN "FOG-PLAGUE" : A LITTLE MEUSE VILLAGE IN WHICH THERE WERE NUMEROUS VICTIMS.

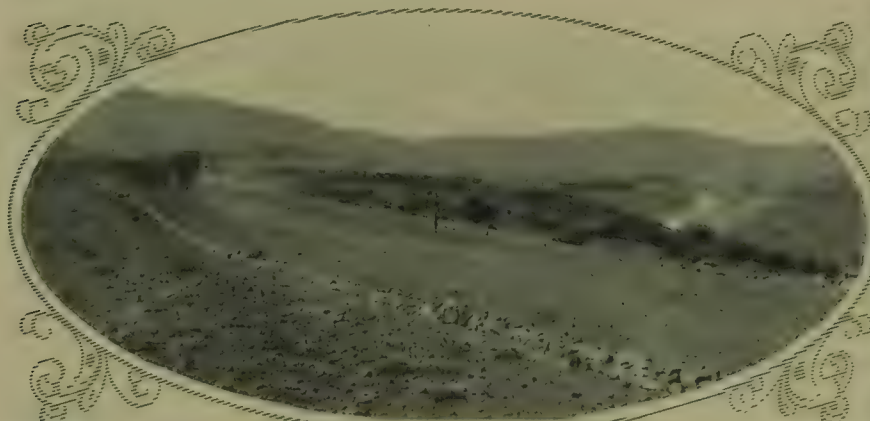
Some sixty persons died suddenly in three or four villages situated on the banks of the Meuse, in Belgium, about ten miles above Liège, on December 5, and, as a number of cows and other animals died at the same time, a rumour quickly spread that some sort of epidemic was raging. It was first suggested that the heavy fog which had been hanging over the district for some days contained poisonous fumes from neighbouring zinc works; but it was found that the works in



THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS IN THE AREA STRICKEN BY THE "FOG-PLAGUE" : HER MAJESTY TALKING TO A MOURNER.

question had been closed down for some time. Another explanation advanced was an escape of poison-gas left buried by the enemy during the war. It now appears that the glacial character of the fog in the river valley was alone responsible. The victims were all aged persons, men or women suffering from asthma or other bronchial affections. At the instance of the Queen of the Belgians, a scientific commission is to enquire into the precise cause of the deaths.

INDIA'S NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: RENEWED AFRIDI ATTACKS; FRIENDLY TURIS.



THE LOCALITY WHERE CAPTAIN WILL WAS KILLED RECENTLY IN A BRUSH WITH AFRIDIS: (BACKGROUND) MIRI KHEL CAMP; (FOREGROUND) PIONEERS AND A LORRY OF THE SUPPLY CONVOY FROM BARA FORT AND PESHAWAR.



MEN OF A REGIMENT LATELY IN A BAYONET ACTION AGAINST THE AFRIDIS: SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, WITH SOME ARMoured CARS, AT THE TALAO, A WATER-SUPPLY POSITION, WHERE THREE ROADS MEET.



BRITISH TROOPS AT AN OUTPOST OF MIRI KHEL CAMP, IN THE DISTRICT WHERE AFRIDIS RECENTLY MADE AN ATTACK: MEN OF THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AT "Q" PICKET.



MULE TRANSPORT AS USED BY THE TROOPS PROTECTING ROAD-CONSTRUCTION ON PESHAWAR PLAIN: A MACHINE-GUN TEAM OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS ON THE MARCH.



FRIENDLY TRIBESMEN OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER REWARDED FOR SPLENDID SERVICES RENDERED TO THE BRITISH CAUSE, DURING THE AFRIDI ATTACKS UPON PESHAWAR EARLIER THIS YEAR, BY QUELLING DISAFFECTION IN THEIR OWN DISTRICT: A GATHERING OF OVER 4000 TURIS OF THE KURRUM VALLEY, AT A DURBAR HELD IN THE POLITICAL AGENT'S GARDEN AT PARACHINAR.

The upper four photographs illustrate operations in the district where hostile activities have been renewed by the Afridis, who earlier this year raided Peshawar. On December 3 they attacked British troops from the Miri Khel camp protecting road construction, and Captain H. St. C. O. Will, of the 11th Sikh Regiment, was killed. At one point the Seaforth Highlanders had to retake a position with the bayonet. The road from Peshawar is being continued across the Kajuri Plain, to facilitate the prevention of any future Afridi incursions.—The larger photograph comes from Sir William Barton, K.C.I.E., lately Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, and refers to an Afghan frontier tribe long friendly to the British—the Turis of the Kurrum Valley, who remained loyal during the Afridi raids, and

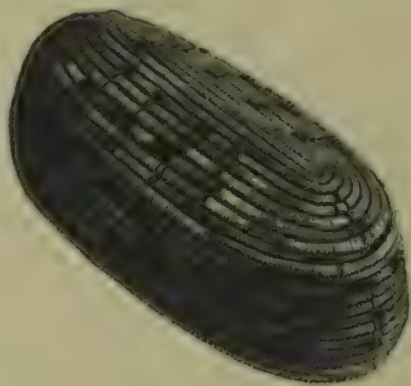
held the valley against other rebels. "The Government of India," writes Sir William, "did not allow the splendid services of the Turis to pass unnoticed. On September 30 a great Durbar was held at Parachinar, by the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Pears, and rewards, mostly in the shape of remission of land revenue, were announced. The assembled tribesmen—4000 or more, each armed with a rifle—marched past. Mr. Pears eighteen years or so ago was Political Agent in the Valley, and many of the older tribesmen left the ranks to shake hands with their old friend. The vast undisciplined mass was controlled by a dozen or so British officers. Here was a splendid exhibition of latent military power. With such men behind them, the rulers of India need not dread invasion from Soviet Russia."

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S MUMMY; AND A "GUIDE" TO THE UNDERWORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK; FROM THE "BULLETIN" OF THE MUSEUM'S EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION, 1929-30.



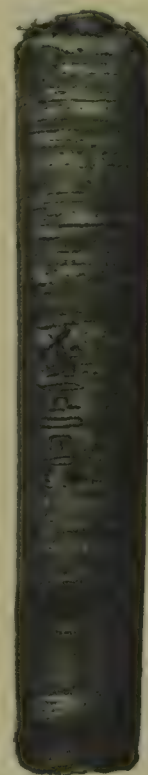
1. THE HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF QUEEN MERYET-AMUN (ABOUT 1490-1440 B.C.), SISTER AND WIFE OF AMEN-HOTEP II., AND DAUGHTER OF THUTMOSE III.



2. VERY LIKE THE MODERN EGYPTIAN TYPE: A LITTLE BASKET 3500 YEARS OLD, DECORATED WITH OSTRICHES, FROM MERYET-AMUN'S TOMB.



3. AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S LUGGAGE ON A VOYAGE TO THE UNDERWORLD: A CLOTHES-BASKET FROM THE TOMB OF MERYET-AMUN.



4. A PAPYRUS ROLL OF THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD" FROM PRINCESS ENTIU-NY'S COFFIN (c. 1029 B.C.) TITLED AND ILLUSTRATED (e.g., FIG. 6).



5. THE CONTAINER OF THE PAPYRUS SHOWN IN FIG. 4: A LITTLE WOODEN STATUE OF OSIRIS (25 1/2 IN. HIGH) FOUND RESTING ON THE MUMMY OF PRINCESS ENTIU-NY.



6. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD" SEEN IN FIG. 4: (LEFT TO RIGHT, BELOW) THE GODDESS ISIS; PRINCESS ENTIU-NY; THE JACKAL-HEADED GOD ANUBIS (WEIGHING ENTIU-NY'S HEART AGAINST A FIGURE OF TRUTH); AND OSIRIS ENTHRONED.



7. BOTANICAL RELICS FROM MERYET-AMUN'S COFFIN CONFIRMING THE MONTH IN THE DATE OF HER RE-BURIAL, RECORDED AS NOVEMBER, 1049 B.C.: PERSEA TWIGS BEARING HALF-RIPE FRUITS (AS IN NOVEMBER) WITH 3 SMALL DISHES.

Here and on the opposite page we illustrate some remarkably interesting results of the latest American excavations at the Temple of Hat-shepsut, Deir el Bahri, Thebes, and the adjacent tomb of Meryet-Amun. The romantic discovery of this tomb, during the previous season's work, was described and illustrated in our issue of December 7, 1929, from a report by Mr. H. E. Winlock, leader of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Expedition to Egypt. In the new number of the Museum's "Bulletin" he describes how the mummy of Meryet-Amun was examined by Sir Arthur Keith and Dr. Douglas Derry, Professor of Anatomy at Cairo. Her age was estimated at about fifty, and her fine head was found to resemble, in its unusually large size, that of her father, Thutmose III. She was born about 1490 B.C., and died about 1440 B.C. Almost exactly 400 years later, under the 21st Dynasty, her tomb was plundered by thieves, and was restored by necropolis officials about November 25, 1049 B.C., as recorded by them on the mummy. The month was confirmed by the stage of growth of the persea twigs and fruits (Fig. 7 above) found in her coffin. About twenty years after this restoration of Meryet-Amun's tomb, it was reopened for the burial of Princess Entiu-ny, identified as a daughter of King Pay-nudjem. In royal funerals of this later time less attention was paid to mundane trappings than to the guidance of the departed in the underworld. So in Entiu-ny's coffin were placed two papyrus rolls, one (Fig. 4) entitled the "Book of The Going Forth by Day," now commonly called the "Book of the Dead." This papyrus roll, which, unrolled, is 18 1/2 ft. long, contains beautiful illustrations in colour. One is shown in Fig. 6, where Anubis is seen weighing Entiu-ny's heart against a

figure of the goddess of Truth, before the throne of Osiris. The goddess Isis stands beside Entiu-ny as her sponsor. Above this scene is another representing Entiu-ny (from left to right) at the door of her tomb, addressing the hawk-god, Harakhty, and adoring the divine palette placed upon a table. This last incident relates to a chapter in the Book of the Dead called "A spell for asking for an ink-jar and a palette."

THE ROMANCE OF A QUEEN'S STATUE: FAR-DIVIDED PIECES RE-JOINED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK; FROM THE "BULLETIN" OF THE MUSEUM'S EGYPTIAN DIVISION, 1929-30.

1. A WOMAN USURPER OF THE EGYPTIAN THRONE GENERALLY PORTRAYED AS A BEARDED KING: AN UNUSUAL BEARDLESS HEAD OF QUEEN HAT-SHEPSUT, FOUND AT DEIR-EL-BAHRI.



2. FOUND TO BELONG TO A HEADLESS, SEATED STATUE TAKEN FROM EGYPT TO BERLIN IN 1845: THE CHARMING MARBLE HEAD OF HAT-SHEPSUT (AS IN FIG. 1) SEEN FULL-FACE.



3. NOT ENTITLED, AS A WOMAN, TO BE SOVEREIGN OF EGYPT, AND THUS REPRESENTED IN A MAN'S HEAD-DESS AND KILT, BUT WITH A FACE DISTINCTLY FEMININE: QUEEN HAT-SHEPSUT—THE COMPLETE STATUE RESTORED.



4. AS IT APPEARED BEFORE RESTORATION (SHOWN IN FIG. 3): THE BEAUTIFUL MARBLE STATUE OF HAT-SHEPSUT, WITH THE HEAD AND OTHER FRAGMENTS RECENTLY FOUND IN EGYPT RE-JOINED TO THE SEATED BODY FROM BERLIN.

"After the death of Queen Hat-shepsut, about 1479 B.C.", writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, "her nephew and successor, Thut-mose III., ordered all her statues to be broken up. One of our finds in 1926-7 had been the back of the head of a statue of hard, marble-like limestone, two elbows, a left forearm, and bits of a throne. In the following winter we had found the face. We remembered a headless, seated statue, bearing Hat-shepsut's name, in the Berlin Museum. In 1845 Lepsius had taken it (from Deir-el-Bahri) to Berlin. I went myself to Berlin with photographs of our head and fragments, and, once face to face with the statue there, I felt perfectly certain that we were dealing with one and the same

monument. Among other pieces brought by Lepsius to Berlin were two granite heads of Hat-shepsut, one belonging to a sphinx, and the head-dress recalled one of our headless sphinxes. The Berlin Museum prized its sphinx head. We set great store by our beautiful marble head, and the natural thing to do was to swap the two bodies. Hat-shepsut, as a woman, had no right to be Sovereign of ancient Egypt, and her portraits almost invariably show her as a bearded king. The statue would appear to be a compromise. The artist has given her the head-dress and short kilt of a man, but her face is beardless, and has a charm which is distinctly feminine."

POWDER, PLAY, POMP, PANOPLY—AND THE VEIL: NOMADS AND WARRIORS OF AFRICA.—BY GEORGES SCOTT.

FROM PICTURES SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY

GEORGES SCOTT AT THE GALERIE JEAN CHARPENTIER, PARIS.



"CAID": AN ARAB CHIEFTAIN-MAGISTRATE LEADING HIS WARRIORS—
A SPIRITED STUDY BY GEORGES SCOTT.



"FAUCONNIER": THE HISTORIC SPORT OF FALCONRY AS PRACTISED TO-DAY
IN THE MANNER OF DAYS LONG GONE.



"SPAHIS
FAISANT
BOIRE LEURS
CHEVAUX
DANS L'OUED
(BOU-SAADA)":
NATIVE
CAVALRYMEN
WHO SERVE
FRANCE



"FANTASIA": DESERT WARRIORS AT "POWDER PLAY,"
A DISTRACTION THAT SERVES TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS.

Our readers will scarcely need reminding that M. Georges Scott is a very distinguished artist, for his work has appeared many times in this paper, and is doubtless familiar to them also through the pages of our famous contemporary "L'Illustration," to which he has contributed regularly for many years. That the decades have not witnessed a waning of his powers is very evident; there could be no finer witnesses than the reproductions here given. He is world-known more particularly, perhaps, for his war pictures—not only for those illustrating many and varied phases of the Great War, but for those recording war in the Balkans, in 1913 and in the succeeding years. In historic vein, he has given us such pictures as "Camborne at Waterloo" and "The Emperor and his Staff." Of particular interest in connection with the pictures reproduced on these pages are his water-colours—above all, those painted in North Africa, where he has recaptured the effect of the dust-laden atmosphere and hard sunlight in a remarkable display of technique. In this connection it may be noted that the history of Algeria is described in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" as "the history of successive conquests": the war-like traditions of the country go back to successive Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Arab, Turkish, and French invasions.



"LES TOUAREGS DU HOGGARD": SPEARMEN OF A SAHARAN TRIBE WHOSE MEN ARE VEILED BY DAY AND BY NIGHT
AND WHOSE WOMEN ARE EVER UNVEILED.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE OXFORD FIFTEEN, WHO DREW WITH CAMBRIDGE IN THE FIFTY-FIFTH OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH.

Back Row (left to right): P. C. Minns, P. C. Alexander, D. H. Swayne, P. D. Howard, E. R. MacGibbon, C. F. Cardale, G. V. Shillito; Sitting: W. A. H. Druitt, W. Roberts, S. J. Hoffmeyr (Captain), A. G. Cridlan, W. E. Henley; in Front: K. N. Lamport, G. V. J. Jenkins, H. Rees.—The result of the match was a draw—3-3.



THE CAMBRIDGE FIFTEEN, WHO DREW WITH OXFORD IN THE FIFTY-FIFTH OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH.

Back Row (left to right): A. R. Ramsay, J. H. L. Phillips, C. H. Williams, C. P. Tanner; Second Row: J. A. Tallent, A. W. Walker, C. E. Valentine, G. M. Greenwood, D. Hayward (groundsmen); Sitting: D. M. Marr, R. W. Smeddle, J. J. A. Embleton (Captain), P. W. P. Brook, J. G. Askew; in Front: F. W. Simpson, L. H. Collison.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ZEPPELIN COMPANY AT THE "R 101" INQUIRY: DR. HUGO ECKENER GIVING EVIDENCE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE MODEL OF THE ILL-FATED AIRSHIP.

Very courteously, Dr. Eckener, of "Graf Zeppelin" fame, was an expert witness at the "R. 101" Inquiry at the Institution of Civil Engineers. He gave his opinion as to possible causes of the disaster, and was thanked by Sir John Simon.



AFTER HER GREAT CAPE-FLIGHT ADVENTURE: MISS WINIFRED SPOONER AT BELMONTE—STANDING BY HER WRECKED AEROPLANE, WHICH CRASHED INTO THE SEA AND FROM WHICH SHE SWAM ASHORE TO GET HELP FOR HER FELLOW-PILOT.

While attempting to fly from Rome to Catania, in Sicily, on the second stage of their endeavour to make a record-breaking flight from London to Cape Town, Miss Winifred Spooner and Flying-Officer E. C. T. Edwards crashed and fell into the sea about a mile from shore at ten o'clock at night. Both pilots were slightly injured. After some two hours on the wrecked aeroplane, Miss Spooner swam ashore for help, and reached land near Belmonte after an exhausting struggle. Boats rescued Flying-Officer Edwards; and the monoplane was then towed ashore.



MISS SPOONER'S FELLOW-PILOT DURING THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED: FLYING-OFFICER E. C. T. EDWARDS, WHO WAS RESCUED FROM THE FLOATING AEROPLANE.



SIR OTTO BEIT, BT.

Born in Hamburg, 1865. Naturalised Englishman. Died, December 7. A principal South African diamond magnate. Distinguished art-collector and munificent philanthropist. Friend of Cecil Rhodes. A well-known patron of education.



SIR WILLIAM MOUNT, BT.

Born, 1866; died, December 8. Ecclesiastical Commissioner; Chairman of the Berkshire County Council; and for many years Conservative Member for Berkshire. Governor of Reading University. Died from heart failure while hunting.



DR. GEORGE F. HILL, C.B.

Formerly Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals, at the British Museum. Appointed Director and Principal Librarian of the Museum in place of Sir F. C. Kenyon. A distinguished scholar and renowned numismatist.



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, BT.

Published, with Mr. A. J. Cook and seventeen other Labour M.P.s, a "manifesto" demanding a more drastic policy. Envisages a cabinet of five, and a postponement of the payment of War Debt until national life has been reorganised.



MR. J. HALL.

Elected M.P. for Whitechapel, with a majority of only 1099 over the Liberal candidate; partly due to Jewish indignation at the Government's White Paper on Palestine. A leading London official of the Transport Workers' Union.



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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WHEEL ANIMALCULAE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

DOUBTLESS it is well, since the number of our days are limited, that our choice of what is worth while during the time of our pilgrimage should be varied. If our mental vision were cast, as are our bodies, in the same common mould, civilisation could never have come into being.

"Art for Art's sake" is good enough as a slogan, but there could be no art if we were all artists. Learned doctors of laws, of music, and painting; great writers, great architects, have made the world what it is. Some may say, and with truth, that it might have been better, but let us leave it at that. Those of us who live to-day have entered into a goodly heritage. These builders of the past were concerned, not so much with "things spiritual," as with things belonging to man's mental inter-relationships: and we are following in their wake.

But there is yet another "Universe of Discourse" which has also produced devoted disciples; and the debt we owe them is no less. I have spent the greater part of my life in that "Universe," and I have found it, and still find it, a heavenly life. Nowhere else can we get a like perception of the source and manifestations of life. It provides a pageant whose splendours and marvels are too great for words. They engender a kind of ecstasy that inhibits speech.

I have been privileged, for many years, to strive week by week to set down in cold

print some semblance of these splendours and marvels, yet I have failed, as others have failed before me, to make what I have to say more than merely "interesting." Nevertheless, if I have induced at least some to strive to see for themselves what I have seen, I must be satisfied. As a rule, my themes concern creatures more or less familiar to my readers, even though the particular birds or beasts, butterflies or beetles, may have been unknown to them.

To-day, I want to focus attention on to creatures infinitely small—creatures that can wander at ease in a world no bigger than a drop of water hanging from one's finger-tip. Unknown to most people, they swarm all around us, from our rain-water gutters to our rivers and lakes, and in the great wide sea. And they present as singular a variety in the matter of shape and their modes of life as can be found anywhere in Nature. During my brief stay in Norfolk a few weeks ago, I had the privilege of hunting for some of these with one who has spent a lifetime in such pursuit. He knows the haunts and the times and the seasons of the particular little animal he wants, and, thus armed, he gets what he sets out to get. I refer to my old friend with whom I found the Polyzoa I recently described here. On that same day we hauled up a leaf of Potamogeton, which at once rivetted our attention, for it was as thorny as the stem of a rose. It required a little careful study with a lens to show that these "spines" were really

formed by myriads of a rotifer—*Lymnias ceratophyllum* (Fig. 1). To find them in such numbers was indeed surprising. Neither he nor I had ever seen the like before.

Before I go further, let me explain that the rotifers, or wheel animalculæ, are very wonderful little creatures whose precise affinities are still a matter for debate, though they are now held to be related to the nemertine worms. On account of their great beauty, they have always been a favourite quarry among amateur microscopists, who bestowed on them the name "wheel animalculæ" on account of the fringe of waving cilia which they protrude when feeding. The rhythmic swaying of these, in one direction, creates the optical illusion of a pair of wheels turning round and round. By these movements, currents of water containing particles of food are brought to the mouth and passed down to a very wonderful grinding mill, recalling the gastric teeth of crabs and lobsters. This mill, owing to the transparency of the body, can be seen incessantly at work in the living animal. Though varying in the details of its structure in different genera, it may be described, in general terms, as lodged within a muscular bulb known as the "mastax." The jaws, which constitute this mill, are hard, glassy structures, consisting of a pair of prismatic bodies, or "unci," and a pair of rami, shaped like the short-handled fork used by gardeners. The food is torn by the unci and crushed by the rami; then passed down through a short gullet into the stomach, attached to which, and to the mastax, are salivary glands for the secretion of digestive fluids. The general features of this gastric mill are mentioned because its incessant movements are so conspicuous in the living animal when under the microscope. The rest of its anatomy cannot profitably be discussed here, especially when so much else is to be said.

Let me return to *Lymnias ceratophyllum*. To the naked eye, as I have remarked, it has a spine-like appearance. When highly magnified, this spine becomes revealed as a long tube, projecting from which may be seen a fleshy, transparent column supporting a pair of discs whose margins are fringed with waving cilia. A tap on the stage of the microscope results in an instant withdrawal of the whole of this exposed part of the body within the tubular case. *Lymnias* is a near relation of an even more interesting animal. This is *Meliceria* (Fig. 2). But here the tube is made up of an immense number of tiny pellets, formed from debris in the water, swept into a cup near the anterior end of the body and deposited in regular

order with the precision of a bricklayer. With good fortune, one may see this building work going on.

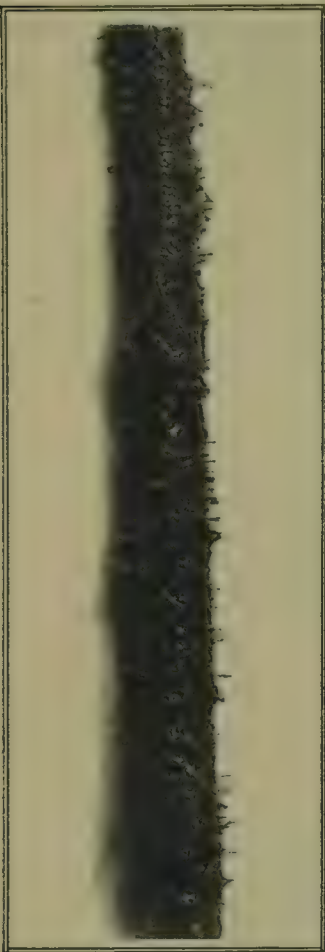
A large number of the rotifers are free-swimming, and present a wealth of variety in the matter of size and form and their mode of locomotion. One of the largest, and not the least interesting, is *Branchionis* (Fig. 3), which can be obtained by a dip from any greenish wayside pond. It has a hard, transparent, shield-shaped body, open in front and closed behind, save for a small aperture for the emergence of a long, tubular, flexible foot, whereby the creature can anchor itself when it desires to rest. The anterior dorsal edge of this shield is produced into six spines, and above these will be seen the ciliated, funnel-shaped mouth, above which project three tufts of spines. The dark globular mass to the right is an egg; to the left, and in the middle of the body, is the stomach; above it is the "gastric mill." The pair of longitudinal bands on either side are muscles for withdrawing the head for its protection.

Even commoner is the little rotifer, which is always known simply as the "wheel animalculæ," first so-named by Leeuwenhoek in 1703. From the rain-water butt in the garden, one can be sure of finding *Rotifera vulgaris*, to give it the name it bears in the text-books. At one moment you will see it, a long, translucent body, tearing across the field of the microscope, by the action of a pair of "wheels"

at its head; at another it will be crawling like a looper-caterpillar, with its wheels withdrawn, and this end of the body transformed into a point. Give it time to settle down, and you will see it at rest, anchored by its food, and its wheels working furiously. A few grains of vermillion dropped into the water will show how food particles are captured and disposed of.

The wheel animalculæ, like many another of the rotifer tribe, possesses an extraordinary vitality. It will live riotously in a rain-water gutter. But let there be a spell of hot weather—the gutter will dry up, and the debris collected there will be reduced to dust. As the wheel animalculæ find the water vanishing, so they retract their bodies and excrete gelatinous plugs at either end. Thus they secure themselves from further harm, and will remain thus in a state of suspended animation for months, and even years. With the return of rain they slowly revive, and within an hour or two are as lively as ever. This power of desiccation accounts for their almost universal distribution, for in this state they are blown about with the dust amid which they live, to fall, sooner or later, into the rain-water butt.

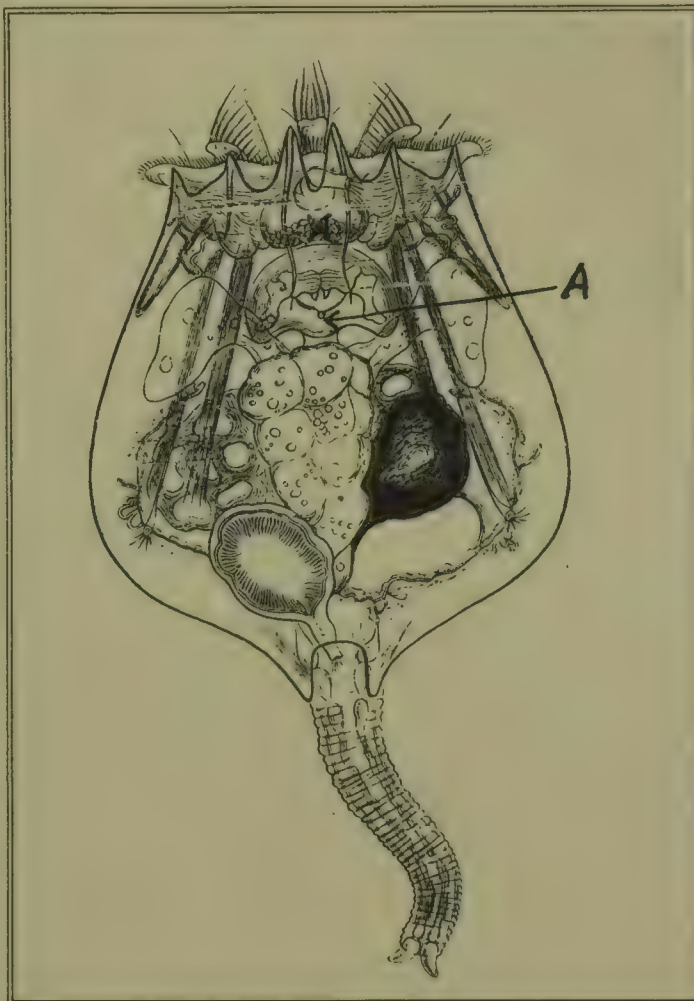
In some species of rotifers males have never been seen. In others, as with *Branchionis*, they are extremely small, and have no organs of digestion. In *Meliceria* and its kin they are small and free-swimming, not fixed like the females. That the male knows nothing of the joy of a good meal is due to the fact that it is but short-lived, two or three days at most, its function being merely to fertilise the eggs. But the females are in much the same case. An unfertilised female may live as long as thirteen days, producing fifty eggs; while, strangely enough, the fertilised female lives but seven or eight days, and produces no more than sixteen eggs.



1. BEAUTIFUL "WHEEL ANIMALCULÆ"—OF A SPECIES WELL KNOWN TO MOST AMATEUR MICROSCOPISTS: MYRIADS OF *LYMNIAS CERATOPHYLLUM*, SETTLED, LIKE LITTLE SPINES, ON A PIECE OF POND REFUSE.

On account of their great beauty, the "wheel animalculæ" have always been a favourite quarry of amateur microscopists, and get their name from the fringe of waving cilia which they protrude when feeding, giving the illusion of a pair of wheels turning round and round.

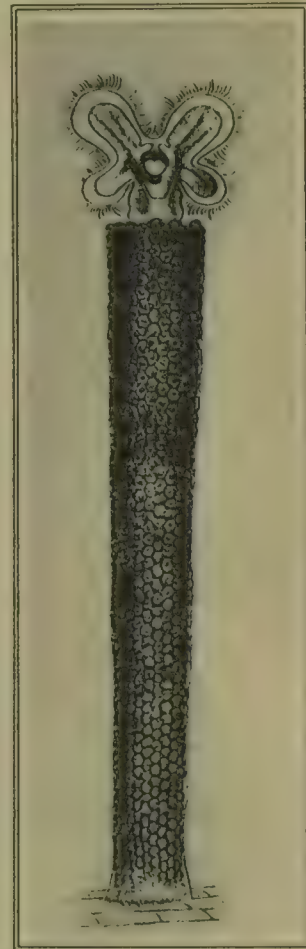
Photograph somewhat enlarged.



3. *BRANCHIONIS*: A MINUTE TRANSPARENT CREATURE EQUIPPED WITH A "GASTRIC MILL" (A)

These minute creatures are equipped with a wonderful digestive apparatus which includes a gastric grinding-mill for breaking up food, a device that recalls the gastric teeth of lobsters and crabs.

After Hudson and Gosse.



2. A NEAR RELATION OF *LYMNIAS CERATOPHYLLUM*: *MELICERTA*, A SPECIES CASED IN A MOSAIC OF LITTLE PELLETS OF HARD MATTER COLLECTED FROM THE WATER IT LIVES IN, After Hudson and Gosse.

THE RAEBURN OF THE CAMERA: HILL'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE 'FORTIES.

REPRODUCED FROM "DER MEISTER DER PHOTOGRAPHIE: DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, INSEL-VERLAG, LEIPZIG.



MASTER HOPE FINLAY.
Also Described as a Portrait of Master Grierson.



JOHN HENNING.
Scottish Sculptor and Modeller. (1771-1851.)



SIR FRANCIS GRANT.
The Portrait-Painter and P.R.A. (1803-1878.)



THE SECOND MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.
M.P., Reformer, and Patron of Arts. (1790-1851.)

It is far from correct to say that the camera work of David Octavius Hill for long remained unhonoured and unsung; but it is certainly of interest to remark that Germany has just rediscovered him, with the result that "Der Meister der Photographie: David Octavius Hill: 1802-1870" (with eighty illustrations), has been published by Insel-Verlag, Leipzig. There have, in fact, been numerous articles written about him, and a large number

of papers read. In which connection it is interesting to quote from the "Dictionary of National Biography," which reveals Hill not only as the photographer, but as the artist: "... landscape and portrait-painter, son of Thomas Hill, bookseller, Perth, was born in that city in 1802. . . . His attention was principally directed towards landscape-painting, and among his first pictures were 'Dunkeld at Sunset' and two views of 'The Tay at

[Continued opposite.]

BY DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL—THE "OLD MASTER" OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

REPRODUCED FROM "DER MEISTER DER PHOTOGRAPHIE: DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, INSEL-VERLAG, LEIPZIG.



DR. WILLIAM SCORESBY.
The Arctic Navigator and Physicist. (1789-1857.)



JAMES NASMYTH.
Inventor of the Steam Hammer, in 1839. (1808-1890.)



PROFESSOR ALEXANDER MONRO.
The Anatomist who Succeeded to the Chair of Anatomy at Edinburgh University, which his family filled for 126 years. (1773-1859.)



DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL.
The Pioneer Portrait-Photographer and well-known Artist whose Raeburn-like photography is illustrated on this and the preceding page. (1802-1870.)

Continued.
Perth,' exhibited when he was twenty-one years of age. Hill acted as secretary to the Society of Artists in Edinburgh for eight years before the charter was granted in 1838 incorporating it into the Royal Scottish Academy, and occupied the post almost till his death. . . . On the recommendation of Sir David Brewster, Hill interested himself in the photographic experiments then being made by Robert Adamson, of St. Andrews. Hill was the first

to apply the new art to portraiture, and many of the calotypes of eminent men which he took are still in existence. . . . He painted the "Signing the Deed of Demission" (including some five hundred portraits of the leading clerical and lay members of the movement), which was destined to be placed in the Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. When working upon these portraits, the artist was assisted by photographs.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A DREAM COME TRUE.—NANCY PRICE: A SILHOUETTE.—THE DRAMATIC SUPERCARGO.

ABOUT six months ago I was in Berlin in quest of plays. One evening I saw the magnificent edifice of the Volkstheater (People's Theatre), holding three thousand; I saw a play wonderfully performed

one of the few English actresses who would shine in tragedy if managers would only cultivate the *genre*. Her Mother Raquin stands out in eminence as a tragic heroine; her part in "Down Our Street" was a superb portrayal of tragi-comedy in London's lower depth. But she has tried every line of personation, and never has she been known to fail, because, be her rôle big or small, she throws herself into it heart and soul, ever strives to deepen and perfect her reading, never allows her zest and spirit to flag. Strongly temperamental, worshipping her vocation beyond all things, she has

marks her out for leadership. Hence I selected her as my partner in the great cause of the People's Theatre, and the overwhelming result of our membership has proved that I found the right woman for the right place.

Here is a new job for an astute man or woman in the World of the Theatre—a function as important as the policeman's at the cross-roads. I would describe it as a "supercargo," and I will explain. Lately I have watched half-a-dozen plays going into limbo after the usual tumultuously enthusiastic first night. These plays were not at all bad; they might have lived their little span but for the absence of artistic control, of the right focus at the dress-rehearsal and a few preceding ones. That was not the fault of the producer: he had done his utmost, but he had become a victim of his environment. When for some three weeks, day after day, mostly twice a



"EVER GREEN," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE: THE SCENE SHOWING A REHEARSAL OF "NERO" AT THE CASINO DES FOLIES; WITH SAINT-DIDIER (LÉON MORTON; RIGHT CENTRE) AND NERO (GEORGE CHILD; RIGHT).

by real artists, and I went back to my hotel feeling like Alice in Wonderland, amazed and abashed that we had no institution to equal it in the greatest city of the world—London. I tried to sleep, and at length I fell into a heavy slumber. I saw the vision splendid. I beheld piles and piles of half-crowns gradually rising to the height of pillars like the girders of a concrete building. And the pillars became framed with walls, the space within them alive with people—a throng of onlookers, a band of actors. And I heard such deafening applause and shouts that I awoke with a jubilant cry—"The People's Theatre!"

Twenty-four hours later I was back in London on duty at a first-night, my head full of thoughts and plans, but anxious, too, lest somebody should steal my treasure, frustrate me, frustrate the vision of a life-work. And lo and behold! I saw the gifted actress, Nancy Price, and I exclaimed: "You are heaven-sent, my friend. Will you be my partner, my fellow-worker?"

"Will I?" she said, enthusiasm radiating in her eyes. "Indeed I will; I will help you with all my might and main!"

But we had no money for such a mighty scheme. So we put the few pounds we could spare into a bank, for we had faith in the people. They would subsidise us; they would give us their half-crowns in return for seats so cheap and performances so good that we could defy all competition. And from practically nothing, from stamps and circulars, from a helpful Press, the piles grew to pillars—and to-day, after two months' arduous labour, our People's Theatre has come into being; has come, we hope, to stay.

Nancy Price's record—three columns of parts in "Who's Who in the Theatre"—is as stupendous as her energy. From the moment she made her name in Pinero's "Letty," and immortalised the line, "Port's my wine," hers was a constant progress. But whilst she started as a comédienne, her emotional power gradually developed, and now she is

no patience with slackness or lack of enthusiasm. Hence it is said of her that she is critical, whereas she is only zealous to imbue others with that enthusiasm which is the mainspring of achievement. Her dominating personality, coupled with an iron will and indomitable perseverance,



THE FINALE OF THE REVUE AT THE CASINO DES FOLIES—IN "EVER GREEN." AT THE ADELPHI: MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS AS HARRIET GREEN IN "LA SYNTHÈSE DE LA BELLE DE SOIXANTE ANS."



THE FINAL CURTAIN OF "EVER GREEN." THE NEW CHARLES B. COCHRAN SHOW AT THE ADELPHI: THE FINALE OF THE CASINO DES FOLIES REVUE, "THE MOON AND THE STARS."

"Ever Green," the new Charles B. Cochran musical show at the rebuilt and redecorated Adelphi Theatre, is a revue with a plot. Harriet Green pretends that she is the amazing Beauty of Sixty Years of Age ("La Belle de Soixante Ans") and, by means of a faked birth certificate, "gets away" with this story. She is featured in a revue at the Casino des Folies; but her supposed age interferes with her love affair with Tommy. In the end, she tells the truth—that she is only a "fake" and is really twenty-three! This photograph shows (from l. to r. in the front row): The Commère (Mabel Couper), the Compère (W. E. C. Jenkins), Mary Tucket (Joyce Barbour), Eric (Albert Burdon), Harriet (Jessie Matthews), Tommy (Sonnie Hale), Mrs. Platter (Jean Cadell), and Saint-Didier (Léon Morton).

day, you have to handle the same people in the same parts under the same circumstances, the finest brain is apt to become saturated, befogged—ay, addled by that repetition. The vision becomes blurred, and hence the judgment is involuntarily prejudiced. You are apt to overlook dragging, to leave unnoticed weak spots in the plot, the characterisation, the dialogue. You lose the sense of concentration, and miss the right moment for dropping the curtain, letting the actors ripple on when there is no more to be said. Then anti-climax sets in, and the audience's pitch of excitement becomes wearied by that fatal little *de trop* which is the enemy of theatrical effect. In my long experience I have seen hundreds of plays bereft of their vitality because palaver killed the audience's interest. The old slogan, "Never mind act one—all depends on the third, for all is well that ends well"—even great authors have suffered from this kink in an otherwise perfect vision. They, for all their acumen, did not see what was amiss, for, like the rest of their company, they were so imbued with the atmosphere that they lost their sense of proportion. And that sense is almost as important as the general sense of the stage, that eerie, indefinable dower that stamps a writer as a dramatist or merely as an essayist venturing upon the dramatic form.

[Continued on page 1096.]



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

MORE CARICATURES: THE MARCH OF INVENTION, AND A COURT SCANDAL.

By FRANK DAVIS.

It will be noticed that two cushions are provided for the elbows—this is essential for preserving the balance, while the seat is invariably shaped like a Mexican saddle. Going down-hill one could rest one's feet on the hub of the front wheel, as on the boneshaker of the 'eighties and 'nineties. So much for science: now comes a little social

and political history, with a dash of scandal.

"More Economy, or a Penny Saved a Penny Got" (1819), is rather enigmatic at first sight, and not very distinguished. Who is the half-military, half-ecclesiastical gentleman hurrying to Windsor on his Patent Accelerator or Walking Expedition, and saying—among much else: "You see Johnny I don't like to squander away your money I won't have any more Clarks. . . . I gave Mr. Johnson £8 for this charger the cheapest I could get there's Economy for you

you'll live in clover now"? Johnny replies: "Dang it Mister Bishop thee art saveing indeed thee used to ride in a coach and Six now I pay thee 10,000 a year more thee art Riding a wooden horse for all the world like a gate-post." (In passing, the untidy, rather stupid John Bull differs considerably from the bluff and prosperous gentleman-farmer of a later period.) The central figure is none other than Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, Field Marshal and

Commander-in-Chief, second son of George III.; according to Greville "the only one of the Princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman." The same entertaining diarist some pages later remarks: "I think it is not possible for any man to have a worse opinion of another than the Duke has of the King" (i.e., of his elder brother, George IV.). Frederick Augustus was born in 1763, and, thanks to his father's influence as Elector of Hanover, was elected Bishop of Osnaburg in the following year; 1780 saw him gazetted as a Colonel in the Army, while still enjoying the title and

revenues of the Osnaburg bishopric. We remember him now largely because he is the Duke of the Duke of York's Column: actually he is much more worthy of our regard as the sworn foe of corruption and inefficiency in the Army, and as the founder of the Duke of York's School in Chelsea. He was hopelessly incompetent as a commander in the field, but, as a

IN a recent article on a humorous publication of the Regency—Alken's "Symptoms of Being Amused"—reference was made to the enormous mass of caricatures at the disposal of the collector—prints which throw an extraordinarily vivid light upon the social and political history of the time. Their artistic merit is, as often as not, beneath contempt, while a great many are rather strong meat for our modern digestions: the allusions to contemporary events are at first sight obscure, but very superficial research is sufficient to make their meaning plain.

Here are two, chosen almost at random from a large collection of similar subjects. The first has no reference to politics, but to the craze that devastated London in the year 1819. The following is the description beneath the print, "Match against Time or Wood beats Blood and Bone. This famous Hobby was bred in Germany after winning everything There was shipped for Long Acre Patronised by the Dandies and is now expected to out run all the First Blood on the Turf."

I suppose the modern bicycle can claim this hobby-horse as its ancestor: while the novelty lasted, the whole town flocked to Mr. Johnson's Riding School at 377, Strand, and there is an excellent print in existence of the school very earnestly learning how to manage this ingenious machine. While the popular name was the hobby-horse, a more dignified nomenclature is adopted in Mr. Johnson's advertisements—"The Pedestrian Carriage"; "The Patent Accelerator"; "The Walking Expedition." To quote from the "Description of New Patent Inventions (1819)": "This truly original machine was the invention of Baron Charles de Drais, master of the woods and forests of H.R.H. the Duke of Baden. The account given of it by the inventor, of its nature and properties is—

1. That on a well-maintained post-road, it will travel uphill as fast as an active man can walk.
2. On a plain, even after a heavy rain, it will go six or seven miles an hour, which is as swift as a courier.
3. When roads are dry and firm, it runs on a plain at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, which is equal to a horse's gallop.
4. On a descent, it equals a horse at full speed."



A "CRAZE" OF THE YEAR 1819: A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE DEPICTING THE INGENIOUS HOBBY-HORSE, OR "PEDESTRIAN CARRIAGE," COMPETING SUCCESSFULLY WITH A HORSE OF "THE FIRST BLOOD."

The Title is: "Match against Time or Wood beats Blood and Bone"; and the inscription below this reads: "This famous Hobby was bred in Germany after winning everything There was shipped for Long Acre Patronised by the Dandies and is now expected to out run all the First Blood on the Turf."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. J. Rimell and Son, Ltd.

disinterested administrator at home, earned a lasting and thoroughly deserved popularity, for he accomplished wonders in reforming the system of favouritism and political jobbery which made it possible for boys at school to be gazetted Colonels of regiments.

His career, however, was not without its mild excitements. In 1791 he married the daughter of the King of Prussia. The Duchess—rather a character—retired to Oatlands Park, Weybridge, where visitors were able to amuse themselves over the week-end by playing with her forty dogs and various monkeys. Came with the lapse of years a Grand Passion (one drifts inevitably into Hollywood jargon in describing the episode) in the person of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke ("I won't have any more Clarks," says the cartoon), a lady of unlimited allurements, daughter of a certain Mrs. Thompson, who married a compositor. In 1803 we find Mrs. Clarke installed in a big house in Gloucester Place, giving extravagant entertainments, keeping ten horses and twenty servants, paying two guineas apiece for her wine-glasses, and eating off plate which had belonged to the Duc de Berri. "Put not your trust in princes," says the proverb! The £1000 per month promised by the Duke often failed to materialise, and the lady found it necessary to raise funds. She accordingly promised, in return for substantial sums, to use her influence with the Duke to procure commissions and promotions for her clients. The affair became an open scandal, and was in due course investigated by the House of Commons (1809). The charges against poor Frederick broke down, for he had certainly not taken bribes, but he was compelled to resign, and broke off his connection with Mrs. Clarke.

The lady thereupon published a book, "The Rival Princes," which purports to give a true—and certainly provides an amusing—account of the quarrels between the Dukes of York and Kent, and followed this up by threatening to reveal to an interested world all the letters she had received from her lover. This was too much. For a consideration of £7000 down and a pension of £400 per annum, she agreed to the destruction of the whole edition, with the exception, apparently, of one copy which was deposited in Drummond's Bank. After that she lived very quietly, educated her daughters, who all married well, and, after 1815, retired to Paris. She was seventy-six when she died in 1852—but Mr. Johnson's Patent Accelerators seem to have taken us rather a long way down the by-roads of history.



A CARICATURE OF 1819 SHOWING THE DUKE OF YORK, GEORGE THE FOURTH'S BROTHER, IN HIS DUAL CAPACITY OF BISHOP OF OSNABURG AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: JOHN BULL FACE TO FACE WITH THE NEW "HOBBY HORSE."

The Duke of York (of column fame) was made Bishop of Osnaburg at the age of two, and subsequently became Commander-in-Chief of the English forces. The inscription reads: "You see Johnny I don't like to squander away your money I won't have any more Clarks" (a reference to the notorious Mrs. Clarke, of the pensions scandal), ". . . I'll run nothing but real Dandies there's a saving for you Johnny . . . I gave Mr. Johnson" (retailer of hobby horses) "£3 for this charger the cheapest I could get there's economy for you"; and John Bull makes a suitable grumbling reply to this expensive ornament of the administration. The main title is: "More Economy or a Penny Saved a Penny Got."—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. J. Rimell and Son, Ltd.]



THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY.

"BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"

A noted medical authority, writing recently of sea-voyaging, as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have helped to bring the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

A full descriptive programme, entitled "Blue and Gold Tours," will be sent immediately on request. Apply to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2., and all the Leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.

Christmas Gifts of 1930.



1. OFFERINGS THAT ARE ALWAYS WELCOME: FINE HANDKERCHIEFS FROM WALPOLE BROS., 89, NEW BOND STREET, W., WHENCE COME THE GROUP ABOVE. THEY INCLUDE IRISH HAND-EMBROIDERED LINEN ONES FOR 2s. 11d., AND NOVEL DESIGNS IN COLOURED BORDERS.

2. DELICACIES FOR THE TABLE: IN THE CENTRE ARE MACFARLANE LANG'S "CHRISTMAS DESSERT," "HUNTING TIN," AND "BRIDGE BOX," FILLED WITH DELICIOUS VARIED BISCUITS.

3. FOR THE LATE BREAKFASTER: A THERMOS COFFEE-JUG, WHICH WILL KEEP LIQUIDS HOT OR COLD FOR HOURS. IT IS OF SILVER-PLATED METAL, WITH HINGED LID AND CORKED STOPPER.

4. DECORATIVE FLOWERS IN POTS: A BEAUTIFULLY MADE ORANGE-TREE FROM CORRINGES, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W., IN A CHARMING POTTERY BOWL. THE PRICE IS 13s. 9d.

5. CLOCKS OF UNUSUAL DESIGN: TWO ATTRACTIVE CLOCKS CHOSEN FROM A MULTITUDE OF FASCINATING GIFTS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND PRICES TO BE FOUND IN THE MANY BRANCHES OF BOOTS, AND AT 182, REGENT STREET, W.

6. A GOOD LIQUEUR BRANDY: THE CASE OF MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU LIQUEUR BRANDY IS AN EXCELLENT GIFT, FOR EVERY BOTTLE HAS A GUARANTEE OF DEFINITE AGE AND QUALITY. THE PRICE IS 25s. THE BOTTLE.

7. A SMOKER'S FAVOURITE "CHRISTMAS CARD": A FLAT TIN OF PLAYER'S CIGARETTES, WHICH COSTS ONLY 2s. 6d. EVERYWHERE, AND IS A WELCOME GREETING ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

8. LOVELY JEWELS OF LITTLE COST: BROOCHES AND RINGS OF CIRO GEMS, WHICH ARE INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL AND ARE SET IN THE MOST MODERN MANNER. THERE IS A SPLENDID COLLECTION AT 178, REGENT STREET, W.

9. CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS: A FEW OF THE DECORATIVE BOXES CONTAINING MACKINTOSH'S CHOCOLATES, WHICH APPEAL TO EVERY TASTE.



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It's always safe to send De Reszke Virginias for Christmas. They are a compliment to the good taste of the receiver. And it's as simple to send them as it's safe. These choice cigarettes are on sale everywhere in elegant white-and-green-and-gold tins, packed and sealed in stout cardboard containers ready for the post. All you have to do is to fill in the name and address on the spaces provided and drop the packet in the letter-box. As easy as sending a postcard!



In tins packed ready for the post : 50 for 2/6, 100 for 5/-. In elegant white-and-green-and-gold Card Cabinets (as illustrated) with padded lids (greetings card enclosed) 200 for 10/-. Also in special Decorated Tins 150 for 7/6.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENT SUGGESTIONS.

A PRACTICAL present that a man will appreciate is a set of pyjamas or some shirts of Tricoline, the favourite silky material, which is surprisingly inexpensive compared with its quality and appearance. These garments, ready made, are obtainable at the leading outfitters, but, should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made to Tricoline House, 19, Watling St., E.C.

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DECORATIVE CASES OF KING GEORGE IV. WHISKY: THEY ARE OBTAINABLE CONTAINING 2, 3, 6, AND 12 BOTTLES OF THIS FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Spinnet Oval cigarettes has made them universal favourites, and they are obtainable in attractive Christmas boxes of 50 and 100, as well as in the handsome cedar-wood cabinet, containing 100, which can be obtained for 6s. 9d. R. and J. Hill, Ltd., the manufacturers of Spinnet Ovals, have



CHARMING AND UNUSUAL GIFTS: A BEAUTIFULLY EMBROIDERED SACHET IN COLOURED SILK, AND AN ADDRESS-BOOK WITH THE SCHOOL CREST. THE LATTER CAN BE SECURED FOR 10s. 6d. CHOSEN FROM A MULTITUDE OF ATTRACTIVE OFFERINGS AT DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S, WIGMORE STREET, W.

recently successfully introduced their "non-coupon" cigarette, Sunripe Extra, which, in addition to the ordinary packings, can be obtained in a cedar-wood cabinet at 5s. or 7s. 6d., containing 100 and 150 respectively.

An ideal present for an amateur photographer is the new Voigtlander "Bessa" camera, which can be obtained from £3 7s. 6d. Extreme compactness



A FAVOURITE AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR: OTARD DUPUY COGNAC BRANDY, WHICH HAS BEEN CELEBRATED AS A GENUINELY FINE COGNAC FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS. IT IS OBTAINABLE FROM THE LEADING WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

has been achieved by re-designing the spool chambers, and the camera body of the 3½ by 2½ size measures only 5½ in. in length, and will fit into a pocket or handbag easily. It has easy loading, and accurate, sharp results are ensured with the system of three-point focussing. You have only to turn the lens mount to one of three positions, "landscapes," "groups," or "portraits." An extremely useful device has been incorporated so that the user may take his own photograph. Full particulars can be obtained from the Westminster Photographic Exchange, 119, Victoria Street, S.W.

A useful catalogue illustrating small electrical "gadgets" which make delightful Christmas gifts is issued by Drake and Gorham, 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., and will be sent post free on request. Kettles, vacuum cleaners, wireless sets, electric fires,

etc., are all included in it, and the name guarantees their excellence. Free advice is gladly given regarding voltages, etc.

A present which will be a faithful friend for many years is a Kropp's razor, which never requires grinding. Each blade is hand-made by master cutlers, and its enduring keenness ensures perfect daily shaves. They are British made throughout, and are obtainable at all the leading stores from 10s. 6d.,



A WELCOME GIFT TO THE HOUSEWIFE: ATTRACTIVE CANISTERS CONTAINING THE FAVOURITE MAZAWATTEE TEA. THE SMALLER ONE IS THE ½ LB. "WISTARIA" SIZE COSTING 1s. 4d.; AND THE OTHER IS THE "GOLD PLUME," AT 2s. 8d., CONTAINING 1 LB.

complete in a case. Such a gift is warmly appreciated, and remains a lasting souvenir of the giver.

Barker and Dobson's chocolates are always welcome arrivals on Christmas morning. There are many delightful boxes this season, including the "Surprise" (Continued overleaf.



GIFTS A MAN WILL APPRECIATE: A CLOSELY WOVEN GOLF JERSEY WITH A "ZIP" FASTENER THAT LOCKS IN ANY POSITION (PRICE, 28s. 6d.); MOTORING GLOVES OF REAL MINK WITH LAMB'S FLEECE LINING (FOUR GUINEAS); AND A PRINTED SILK HANDKERCHIEF AND TIE TO MATCH (11s. 6d.). PETER ROBINSON'S MEN'S SHOP (EASTERN BUILDING), OXFORD STREET, W.

F 1233. Lady's Cigarette Case, in fine Enamel and Gilt Sterling Silver. 3x2½ in. £2 5 0. In Blue, Yellow, Mauve, Green, etc.

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She'd love a 'clip-on' brooch for Christmas!



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The 'clip-on' is the fashion of the moment. Observe the smart woman lunching at Fairidges. Her hat, and perhaps the lapel of her coat, is relieved by a delicately jewelled 'clip-on.' You could not find lovelier versions of the 'clip-on'—or of any other fashionable jewel—than those created by Ciro. They are designed with a proper severity of taste and priced from as low as a guinea.

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LIVERPOOL: 23 Church St.

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Continued.]

Box," which consists of five trays, each containing a different assortment. This box, which contains 1 lb., can be obtained for 5s. the pound.



READY PACKED FOR THE POST: A GREEN AND GOLD TIN OF THE FAVOURITE DE RESZKE CIGARETTES, PACKED AND SEALED IN A CARDBOARD CONTAINER READY FOR POSTING. THIS COSTS 2S. 6D. FOR 50, AND 5S. FOR A HUNDRED CIGARETTES.

The Golden Casket is another lovely gift, decoratively tied with cords and tassels and containing 2 lb. of assorted chocolates, price 10s. The Belmont Box is always popular, and costs 12s. for 2 lb.

Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy is one of the most delightful adjuncts to the festive board at Christmas. It is delicious, invigorating, and adds an additional zest to the season's merriment and happiness. It is obtainable in bottles from wine merchants, and in bottles, half-bottles, quarter-bottles, flasks, and "Baby Grants," a compact little miniature, from most licensed houses.

Many charming Christmas gifts can be made by the clever needlewoman for very little expenditure by investing in a few yards of "Courgette," a full-faced crêpe weave for frocks and blouses, "Delysia" for silky undies, and "Luvisca" for children's clothes. These are all Courtaulds' fabrics, whose name guarantees their excellence. They are obtainable at all the leading stores, but in case of difficulty, application should be made to the G.H.Q., at 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

At all social functions during the past season, a champagne that has more than held its ground in public favour is the well-known brand of Piper-Heidsieck. As



A GIFT THAT GIVES UNIVERSAL PLEASURE: THE NEW COLUMBIA RADIO-GRAMOPHONE, WHICH HAS PERFECT REPRODUCTION. THE PRICES RANGE FROM FORTY TO NINETY-FIVE GNS. OBTAINABLE AT THE LEADING STORES.



A COMFORT FOR INVALID FRIENDS: THE "BURLINGTON" REST CHAIR FROM J. FOOT AND SON, OF 168, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, WHO SPECIALISE IN INVALID COMFORTS. THE CHAIR IS AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE TO ANY POSITION BY SIMPLY PRESSING A BUTTON.

must inevitably happen when a wine is outstandingly popular, a vintage is rapidly consumed, and lucky now is the individual who can sit down frequently to a bottle of "1919" with his dinner. Its place has, however, been filled by the 1921 and 1923 vintages, which are now to be obtained at the leading hotels and restaurants throughout the country. Of these, the "1921" is undeniably the finest wine ever shipped by "Piper." It is a little drier than

the "1919" vintage, but has more body, and its popularity cannot fail to please the most fastidious taste. There is also the Non-Vintage brand, which Messrs. Piper-Heidsieck brought on to the market last year. It is a trifle higher in price than the

Non-Vintage of some other brands, but is little, or nothing, behind the quality of the vintage wine itself.

The universal popularity of Scotch Whisky at this season of the year makes "Ambassador" particularly attractive as a gift. The connoisseur can sip it as a liqueur, while the regular consumer will appreciate in "Ambassador" a whisky mellowed by age and of outstanding flavour and bouquet. A safe gift to give any friend in view of its usefulness and the wideness of its appeal.



A CASE OF GOOD CHEER: CHRISTMAS SUPPLIES OF HAIG'S GOLD LABEL AND DIMPLE WHISKIES, CONTAINING 2, 3, 6, AND 12 BOTTLES. THIS FIRM HAVE BEEN FAMOUS FOR OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

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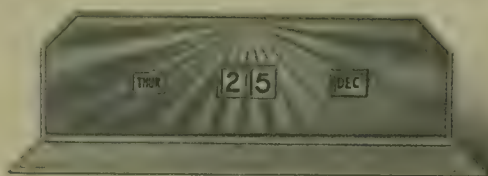
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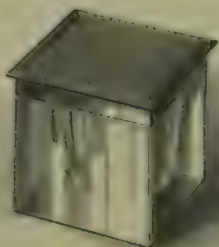
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WONDER FISH IN ENGLISH WATERS.

(Continued from Page 1066.)

every time, I strained on it, and told my boatman to pull one oar every time my rod was lifted. Thus I kept the boat *broadside* on to the fish, so that it got the full pressure every time. Long before I had recovered all the line I wanted, he shook his head angrily and went off. I let him go every time he wanted to, and then repeated the dose. The fish got tired of making unchecked runs, and seemed to come a bit with each strain. This game continued for an hour, when the line suddenly went quite slack, and for a second my heart was in my mouth. Consoled by the thought that I had a brand-new line, and that I was certain that there had been no undue strain on it, I reeled in quietly. Suddenly I saw the fish on the top of the water, a hundred yards away, at right angles to the direction in which my line pointed. He had come up with a rush from the bottom to the top, thus taking all the strain off my line. Within a few moments hundreds of gulls had arrived to see what all the fuss meant. The fish kept up for at least ten minutes, and, as I was in no hurry to get him nearer the boat, we just pulled steadily away from him, keeping a nice, but not excessive, strain on him. As soon as the line came straight, the boat was once more got broadside on to the fish, and the fight started again. At the end of a quarter of an hour he seemed to think that the top of the water was no better than the bottom, so down he went with irresistible force, but this time I kept quite a big strain on him until I knew he was at the bottom of the sea.

This was my opportunity, and I began to sock it into him with all the force that I dared employ. For a solid quarter of an hour I strained and heaved, getting in line at each effort, and finally I saw him ten yards behind my boat. On the principle of "better be sure than sorry," I shouted to the motor-boat to send another man to help me gaff the fish. He came along in the other rowing-boat, but as soon as the fish saw the second boat he made his last dying effort, and once more plunged to the bottom. The rest was simple. I just wound him up to the side of the boat, and we got two gaffs in and held him there, quite dead, whilst the boat was rowed to the motor-boat. With block and tackle he was duly hoisted aboard. If I may be allowed to say so, the time of 1 hour 35 minutes from hooking to gaffing was a record. That great fisherman, the late Dr. C. F. Holder, of world-wide fame, took 4 hours over his 183-lb. tunny, but this was the first of its species caught on rod and line. It was 6 ft. 4 in. long. Mr. Zane Grey took 3 hours 50 minutes over his first tunny, which weighed 138 lb. I am giving the names of these great men, and times and weights, not with any idea of showing that my time and weight were much better, or suggesting that these imply superior skill on my part. Such a pretension would be too silly for words, as these two anglers did more fishing in one year than I have done in all my life. My reference to them is to show the enormous improvement in modern tackle, a very great deal of which is due to the brains and energy of Mr. Mitchell-Henry.

The cruiser *Scarborough* was anchored in the bay, and on this day there was to be a reception on board of the representatives of the town, but, owing to the extreme probability of sufferings from *mal-de-mer*, this civic reception was indefinitely postponed. On our way in we went twice round this cruiser to show our prize to the officers and crew, who turned out on deck in great numbers to see the fish lying on the hatch of our boat. As we entered the harbour, the shrill cries of the children filled the air with the words: "They've gat yin! They've gat yin!"

We landed at about 5.30 p.m. By 6.15 the fish was weighed on the scale at Scarborough railway station, and a few minutes after seven it was on its way to the British Museum, where it arrived next morning before the officials had finished breakfast. They had wired on a Monday afternoon, and the fish arrived on Wednesday morning. Could any other society execute an order for a 591-lb. fish more promptly? Mr. J. R. Norman, head of the Ichthyological Department of the British Museum, wrote me saying that the cast had been a great success, and that the authorities had decided to make a second model for presentation to the B.S.A.S. as a souvenir of the year 1930, in which the first tunny was caught from British shores by rod and line.

Mr. Norman also told me that the carcase of the fish had been buried in the Museum grounds with a number of meal worms inside it, and that it was hoped that within three years its skeleton might be ready for exhibition.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.—(Continued from Page 1086.)

To ensure the clear vision, certain well-equipped theatres on the Continent appoint two stage directors to superintend the rehearsals; the one who slogs away from start to finish, the other who looks in now and again towards the day of the dress-rehearsal, and fresh, unbiassed, acute of eye, puts his finger on any sore spot which he discovers through his undimmed spectacles. I have been present at such rehearsals of Reinhardt's, the master producer. He himself is not always on the spot, though he knows the play from A to Z; he sometimes appears unexpectedly, looks on, makes notes, and with his eagle eye detects a flaw that strikes him as vital. Sometimes he meets with opposition on the part of the author, for authors are notoriously enamoured of their lines; but as in his way he is a Napoleon, he nearly always succeeds in carrying his point. But then, not everyone is a Reinhardt; and the same thing in England might make for ructions and discord. I remember that in the palmy days of Henry Arthur Jones there arose over the rehearsals of "Carnac Sahib"—a dire failure in the aftermath—such dissonance between the producer, Herbert Tree, and the author that the master of His Majesty's forbade Jones to enter the precincts of the theatre until the first night. And this example stands by no means alone. In the anxious work of preparation, author and producer are often at loggerheads.

All this could be amended if managers were wise enough to attach to their staff a man or woman familiar with every phase of production, sensitive of technique, and so unprejudiced that they could, at a glance, offer criticism and remedy. Such connoisseurs are rare, and the responsibility of the office would demand ample reward. But we have them in our midst—as I write I see a file passing my mental eye—and if they were called upon to undertake the work their experience and acumen would save thousands of pounds in the long run.

An American manager once said to me: "Show me the man who can to a fault predict the chances of a play. I will give him ten thousand (pounds) a year, and ten per cent. of the gross." And I replied: "If there existed such a man, he would be worth ten times the sum you offer. But you may as well cry for the moon. The chances of a play lie between Fate and Fortune, and both are beyond human control." But I do contend that there is a great opportunity for the dramatic supercargo.

The World is full of "Misfits"



..... To us ordinary folk, it is difficult to suppress a smile when the gorgeously arrayed male, bent on some social occasion of terrific importance, cuts a dashing figure in a blaze of pompous splendour. We all know the corpulent gentleman who clings tenaciously to his dignity when alighting from his "baby" Austin—the sallow-cheeked golf enthusiast in gay-coloured plus fours, and the myriads of others.

We are all critics of each other in the matter of dress, yet it is quite possible that our own choice of attire may represent another tragic specimen of the world's "misfits."



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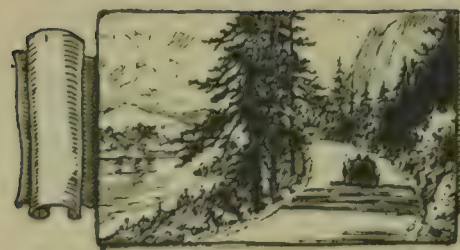
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



WINTER motoring in Great Britain and on the Continent is particularly easy and comfortable in the new 1931 models. I write from experience, as I found that a journey of even 300 miles in a day, driving one of the new Humber "Snipe" saloons, caused less fatigue than half that distance did a year or so ago. In years gone by, most people travelling from the South of England to Edinburgh or Glasgow put in a night at a hotel. Nowadays they cover this 400 miles in "one hop," so to say, and save time and the wayside inn's charges, except for food, *en route*. The new 24-h.p. Humber "Snipe" can do this trip in ten hours if needed, as several friends of mine demonstrated to some doubting critics recently by taking them to the Scottish Motor Show from London in that travelling time.

In a run in the South of England on a Humber "Snipe" fitted with one of the new semi-panelled Weymann bodies, I found that I could cruise along at fifty miles an hour with the greatest ease and comfort, raising the speed to seventy miles an hour on the open stretches across Salisbury Plain. Even at seventy miles there seemed a reserve of power still left in the engine, while there was no sign of distress of the motor, nor unsteadiness of the car, at this rate of speed. She held the road well at all points and was easy to control, as the brakes held her back quickly when one wanted to pull up. Devonshire has one or two hills that you meet rather suddenly, but it is difficult to find anything that requires this Humber "Snipe" to be taken off its top high gear. The silent third-speed is excellent also, as you can climb very acute rises with this gear as fast as you want to, forty miles an hour being easily attainable with this saloon in "third" up hills. Personally, I did change down to third speed in London, Exeter, and other town traffic, because I like the quick get-away when the road is opened to the driver.

Hillman Vortic "Straight Eight."

It has frequently been a justifiable criticism of eight-cylinder-engined motor-cars that their designers have multiplied the explosion chambers in order to hide the weakness of the engine's design.

There are many "Eights" nowadays to which this jibe might apply. I know one, however, to which it does not, and that is the Hillman Vortic "Straight Eight." This 1931 car is an entirely new design compared with its predecessor, the first Hillman eight-cylinder model. I mention this in order to avoid confusion. At its price it is one of the most reliable cars in the market for standing up to hard work all day and every day. It has been designed to slog over rough ground on top gear at a fair speed without breaking springs or damaging axles or gear-box. Also it is a genuine mile-a-minute car, irrespective of any speedometer reading fast or slow, as tested over measured distances by the watch. It is a roomy vehicle, and has that length of wheel-base which can accom-

modate any type of open or closed coachwork, providing ample space for the comfort of its users. My friends in Hong Kong and the Malay Peninsula tell me that it satisfies all their requirements for overseas use.

I took a 100-miles run over varied country recently in this Hillman Vortic, and found that it fully justified their estimation of its merits. Of course, it is a top-gear car first and foremost. Drivers who want to hang on without changing can do so, as it takes a positive freak hill to need lowering the gear-ratio. Still, you must remember this is only a 20-h.p. rated engine, although it has eight cylinders, so there are times when it pays to drop into

the silent third-speed ratio in order to get more quickly off the mark. The overhead valves are very quiet in their running, and in my test there was no sign of a period from zero to seventy miles an hour. As this saloon costs only £425 complete, it can well compete in price with many cars of higher rating which have not so good a road performance. Equally good value for its cost to the purchaser is the present series of four-cylinder 12.8-h.p. Hillman cars, styled the "Fourteen." This type will travel all day at thirty-five to forty miles an hour without grumbling, keep very steady on the road, and pull

up quickly when required by means of the excellent brakes. It is most economical to run, and the four-speed gear-box is easy to change with its right-hand control, (The "Vortic," by the way, has a central control and is equally easy to handle.)

The drop-head coupé is a particularly nice car for the £335 at which it is listed in the catalogue. Being only rated for a £13 annual tax and insurance, its overhead charges are light, and the side-valve four-cylinder engine runs very smoothly. This car pulls well on top gear, so that, while one does use the gear-box occasionally to get the best average road speed on an "up and down" highway, most hills can be "carried" on top gear. Both the Hillmans have light controls, and give a girl no fatigue to handle, while the steering is particularly light and effective.

London-Gloucester Motor-Car Trial.

The North-West London Motor Club starts its annual London to Gloucester reliability trial from the Bridge House Hotel, Staines,

to-day (Saturday, Dec. 13). It will be an interesting event, as a new acceleration test for the competitors is to be tried. Although a handicap system has been introduced, it will depend upon the skill of the driver as well as the capabilities of the car. This should give the drivers of the smaller vehicles as good a chance of winning the premier award as those in larger motors with more powerful engines. There are to be about ten observed hills in all, in groups of three or four, and the event will finish at Birdlip Hill, the lunch stop. There are no boggy sections on the course, no water-splashes, and no freak surfaces, so that this trial is a purely road event without "trick" driving.

Those far-sighted people, Messrs. K.L.G. Sparking Plugs, Ltd., not only put up their plugs in sets of four, packed in rattle-proofed tins, but they also have on the market a patent type of double-spanner, which will assist in the business of extracting and cleaning plugs. Either of these productions forms an acceptable Christmas present for the owner-driver.



BARON SATO KAWASAKI WITH HIS 25-H.P. SUNBEAM FITTED WITH A SPECIAL WEYMAN LIMOUSINE BODY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN JAPAN.

This car was supplied and shipped to Baron Kawasaki by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., of Euston Road, N.W.

I should recommend all drivers to do this for the same reason. Both fuel and oil consumption was moderate for the speed at which I travelled, so I can thoroughly recommend this new Humber "Snipe" as a comfortable, fast, yet economical touring carriage. At its moderate cost, it is splendid value; yet, if one could only get British motorists all over the world to buy this car, so that its production could rise to the million mark each year, I feel sure its present management would reduce its price below that of the cheapest four-cylinder yet made.

What a wonderful thing that would be for the British motor industry, whose total yearly sales of all makes are only a quarter of that number at the present! With cars such as the Humber, Hillman, Austin, Morris, Singer, Standard, and Vauxhall, to mention just a few of the British cars selling from £500 down to £150, Englishmen never need go outside their own national motors to fill any requirement in cheap and efficient road transport to-day with the present 1931 models.



A BRITISH CAR IN A PICTURESQUE FOREIGN SETTING: A HUMBER "SNIPE" BEFORE THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA, IN SPAIN.



A NEW BODY DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUSTIN "TWENTY": THE AUSTIN "WHITEHALL" SALOON ON A SHORTENED AUSTIN "TWENTY" CHASSIS.

Besides the usual Austin "Twenty" equipment, this model incorporates a flush-fitting sunshine roof, adjustable sun visor, folding central arm-rest for rear passengers, folding foot-rests and occasional tables, and a large built-in trunk. There is also a six-window model identically equipped, known as the "Mayfair" saloon.

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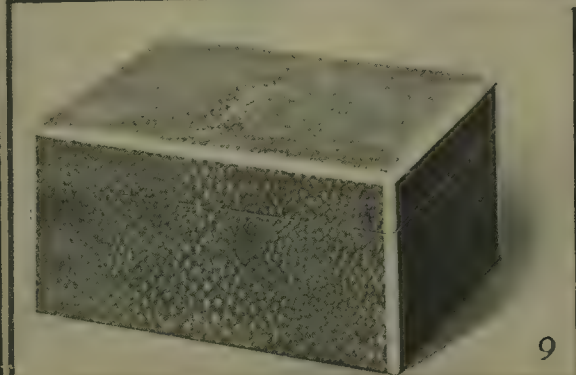
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—CVIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

THE inspection of a yacht which has been designed and built to the requirements of an experienced owner is always an interesting occupation. As a week-end guest of Mr. Tom Thornycroft on board his new yacht, the *King Duck*, I have recently had such an opportunity afforded to me. The *King Duck* is a vessel of 78 ft. long, with a beam of 14 ft. 8 in. and a draught of 4 ft. 9 in. She has been built by Messrs. Thornycroft, Ltd., and is propelled by two 6-cylinder Thornycroft engines that develop about 70 h.p. each. Her planking is of double-skin teak throughout, including even her decks—a most unusual feature. Her oak keel is 8 in. thick, tapering to 4 in., and it is fitted with a heavy bronze band extending over its entire length as a protection against any attack by worms. The remainder of the bottom is copper-sheathed. Cutless bearings are fitted, and also Monel metal propellers. She has been built, in fact, to an exceptionally high specification.

I know that the *King Duck* can attain 12½ knots (14½ m.p.h.) easily, and I have every reason to think that her full speed is 13 knots, so there appears nothing wrong with her under-water lines. Her economical cruising-speed is approximately 10 knots, and at this speed she can steam for 2000 miles on her fuel stowage of 1000 gallons. Whether she contains ideas that may be found in Thornycroft boats of the future I cannot say, but the fact remains that in many of her details she does not conform to usual Thornycroft practice, and in several ways she is an improvement on them. She has been designed for the personal comfort of her owner and his two sons, and as a floating base for a couple of racing sailing-dinghies which are carried on the fore-deck. No attempt has been made to crowd in a large number of guests' cabins.

Right forward is a store of about 14 ft. long that would delight the heart of any deep-water seaman. The cable locker is abaft and below it, in order to save excessive weight in the bows. Two single-berth cabins abreast of each other come next, which are followed by a large bath-room and a separate toilet-room of the same size. These four compartments have direct access to the deck, but they also communicate with the owner's cabin immediately

after-end and contains all the usual levers for "one-man control" of the ship, and also has a hatch leading to the engine-room alongside the helmsman. The whole of the space below decks abaft the wheel-shelter is devoted to an exceptionally large and well-fitted galley, crew space, and store. These are almost too large, but, in view of the wonderful meals that I enjoyed, I do not feel like being a critic of them. The head-room is 6 ft. 7 in. throughout the accommodation.

The deck space available on this vessel is exceptional, and even when two racing-dinghies are carried in addition to the ship's tender, there is ample room to walk about in comfort. Boat davits are not fitted, two derricks being supplied in lieu, which, when stowed, act as awning-spreaders. Derricks instead of davits is a sound idea, for it permits a boat being slung further out from the side, and thus reduces the possibility of damage either to the side paint-work or the boat when one is launched in a seaway; whilst, in addition, a boat can be dropped on either side of the ship at will, according to the direction of the sea and wind. By using the pneumatic capstan that is fitted, it is possible to lift weights up to 2 tons on these derricks, so that, if necessary, the main engines can be hoisted

out without any outside aid. All the heavy weights in this vessel are placed in the centre of her as much as possible. The 1000-gallon petrol-tanks, for example, are installed in a water-tight compartment at the fore-end of the engine-room, which has two double-skinned teak bulk-heads, whilst the tanks containing the 3 tons of fresh water are stowed slightly further forward, the chain-locker as before mentioned being further aft than usual for the same reason. I propose to deal with the mechanical details of this vessel in my next article.



THE 78-FT. MOTOR YACHT "KING DUCK," BELONGING TO MR. TOM THORNYCROFT: AN ALL-ROUND TYPE OF PLEASURE-CRAFT EVOLVED AS THE RESULT OF LONG EXPERIENCE.

The "King Duck" has been designed both as a floating base for small sailing-craft (two racing sailing-dinghies are carried on her fore-deck), and also for deep-sea cruising. She can travel for 2000 miles without refuelling.

abaft them, which extends right across the ship and, in turn, opens into a sort of ante-room which, though used as a wireless-room, would make a comfortable double-berth cabin or a second saloon. It contains an anthracite stove, which circulates hot water all over the ship.

At the after-end of this ante-room there are stairs leading up to the saloon, which is really a sunk deckhouse (the engine-room, measuring 11 ft. by 14½ ft., being below it) with access to the wheel-shelter (upper-deck level) at its after-end up a couple of steps. The wheel-shelter is open at its

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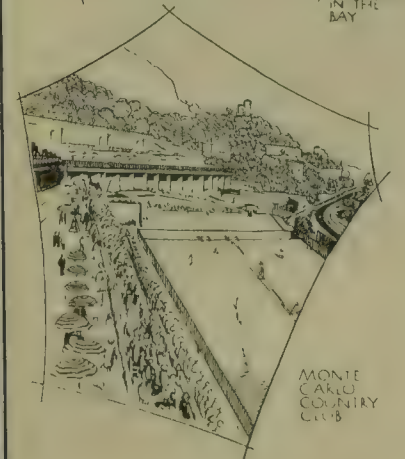
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ROYAL WORCESTER ENAMELLED IN THE MANNER OF SHAGREEN: BEAUTIFUL CHINA AT LAWLEY'S, WHICH MAKES IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS. THEY HAVE ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES IN CHINA AND GLASS.



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diagonal splashes of colour in orange, black, and yellow. The "solid" handles to the cups are not only amusing to look at, but are distinctly comfortable to hold, and minimise the danger of slipping. Table ware of every description is obtainable in these attractive designs, in several decorative colourings. It can be seen at Lawley's, of Regent Street, W., who specialise in everything that is new in glass and china. From there, too, come the delightful group above, which, although appearing to be of shagreen, is, in reality, real Royal Worcester china. The intricate design and beautiful colouring of shagreen are perfectly reproduced, and this delicate china makes charming coffee-sets, powder-boxes, and *bibelots* of all kinds, which constitute ideal Christmas gifts. A visit to Lawley's at this season will solve happily many problems.

In the hunting counties, modern designs give way somewhat in popularity to older traditions, and in the hunt for Christmas presents the Crown Devon pottery illustrated on the right will be a much-prized "kill." The design is in memory of John Peel, and what huntsman or woman does not honour that name? "In the latter part of his life, Peel's estate was embarrassed, but his friends in Cumberland called a meet some years since, and before parting they sang 'John Peel' in full chorus, closing by presenting him with a handsome gratuity



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE QUEEN BEE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THIS is not a play for the average, healthy-minded playgoer. Had it been more brilliantly acted it might have attracted the ultra-sophisticated, for it has many witty lines and a very original setting—if walking backwards can be called more original than the ordinary method of progression. That is to say, it starts in a graveyard, and ends with the promise of a future christening. The victims of a Vampire Woman emerge from their tombs and discuss their affairs with her. One, a sailor, jilted because he lost his money, has committed suicide; the second, her subsequent husband, died of heart failure when, after nine years of unhappy marriage, he learnt she was not going to elope with another man as he had hoped. The third, the lover, dies or reasons that are not daringly enough described to amuse those who might appreciate them, and which must surely be incomprehensible to those who never would. Miss Iris Hoey is good as the Woman, whom we see as the pig-tailed flapper in the first act—though why the possession of a seventeen-year-old daughter in the last should have turned her into a grey-haired old lady is one of those things only a stage-producer can explain. Mr. Frederick Lester is excellent as the husband, but Mr. George Barraud has not the personality for the rôle of the lover. In a delightful boy-and-girl love episode at the end, Mr. Ballard Berkeley and Miss Renée Gadd make a very big hit.

"EVER GREEN," AT THE ADELPHI.

It is a pity that Mr. Charles B. Cochran is not a film producer; and then, without feeling one was indulging in hyperbole, one might assert that this is his Latest and Greatest... the Mightiest All-Moving, All-Talking, All-Singing, All-Colour Spectacle. But dramatic critics must use more restrained language than Film Publicity Men, and so I content myself with saying that it is the biggest thing, in the way of production, he has yet achieved. Mr. Benn W. Levy has contrived a plot sufficient to link the various scenes together, and if his dialogue never rises to the height of real wit, it certainly never descends to the level of the average musical comedy. The use of a revolving stage has enabled Mr. Cochran

(Continued in column 3.)

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

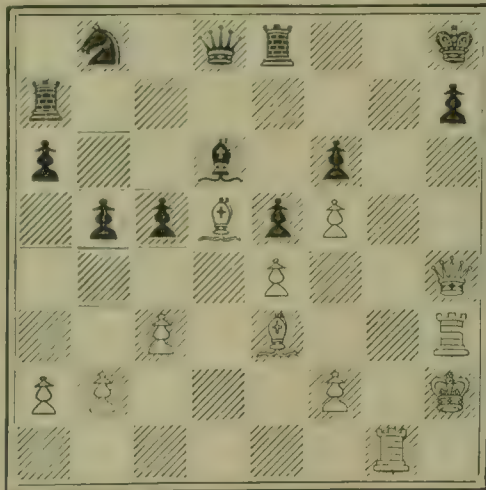
To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4079. By P. J. Wood (Wakefield).
[8; 2B5; B1Pp4; 1Spk2P1; R2s2Q1; 8; SK6; 8—in two moves.]
Keymove—RB4 [Ra4—c4].

If 1. — K×R, 2. KKB3; if 1. — KK4, 2. R×P; if 1. — K×P, 2. KtKt4; and if 1. — Kt any, 2. QK4.

The charm of this problem lies in the three King-flights, each into a self-pin. The first pins the Kt, the second the QP, and the third the BP. As a German friend remarks, very neat and amiable!

GAME PROBLEM No. LV.
BLACK (12 pieces).



WHITE (12 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 1s1qr2k; r6p; p2b1p2; 1ppBpP2; 4P2Q, 2P1B2R; PP3P1K; 6K1.]

This position is from modern master-play. It is Black's turn to move, and he resigned. This reminds one of the "real princess" in the fairy-tale, who could feel the pea under twelve feather mattresses. Still, he had good reasons for resignation. What were they?

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. LIII.

[r2r2kr; p3qpp1; 2b1ps1p; 4B1P1; 2P4Q; 3B4; PPP2P1P; 2KR2R1; White mates in five.]

Herr l'Hermet (Black) played 21. — KtQ2, as stated, and Spielmann's reply was 22. Q×P1. Mate in two places being threatened, Black replied 22. — P×Q; and there followed 23. P×Pch, KBr; 24. RKB8ch, K×R; 25. PR7ch, and mate next move.

to give us an elaborately "built-up set" in almost every scene. In a play of spectacular magnificence, the actor, despite Mr. Gordon Craig, gets little opportunity to make his personality felt, and for this reason—if no other—neither Mr. Sonnie Hale nor Miss Jessie Matthews (disguised in a flaxen wig, for some extraordinary reason) impress on the memory. It is, strangely enough, Miss Jean Cadell, that most talented portrayer of blighted spinsterhood, who is the outstanding success of the evening. Mr. Albert Burdon makes a very acceptable début as a West-End comedian. Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies and the unrefined John Tiller's mere Girls run a dead-heat for chorus honours.

"TWELVE HOURS." AT THE COMEDY.

I fear this mystery play is not likely to be a great success as it stands, for the third act is so confused and ingenious in its construction that it arouses laughter rather than thrills. Yet the second act is quite up to average merit, while the first is uncommonly good. The scene opens in a shooting lodge in the mountains. Comparatively naturally (at least, for this type of play) it is brought out that every guest in the house has a motive for wishing the host dead. The women either have been, or fear to be, seduced. The men either have, or fear to have, cause for jealousy. Mr. Douglas Burbidge, who plays the not-too-genial host, may not look as black as his author has painted him, but that matters little—for at the end of the first act he is discovered dead, with an arrow through his heart. The second act is reasonably good, in that every member of the house-party frankly admits a reason for desiring the death of the host—even the local sheriff, who is called in to investigate the crime. This local sheriff (though very well played by Mr. D. J. Williams) is one of the weaknesses of the play, for he is surely American, while the house-party is purely English. He should certainly have appeared as a uniformed constable. The third act, despite the entrance of Mr. Charles Carson, who, as a Customs Officer, plays with his accustomed air of authority, fails for the reason that the author has handled his solution of the mystery with an uncertain hand. He demands laughs when he shouldn't, and gets them when they are not wished for. It is a pity, for it is very well acted: particularly by Miss Martita Hunt, Mr. Eric Maturin, and Mr. Charles Carson.

(Continued overleaf.)

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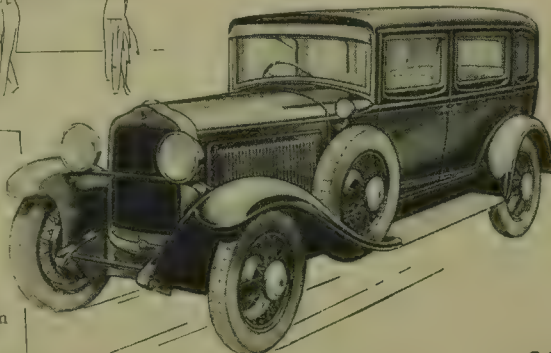
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Continued.]

"WONDER BAR," AT THE SAVOY.

One enters the Savoy Theatre full of hope for an exciting evening. There is music in the foyer, and it is exhilarating to pass into the auditorium and find the stage crowded with dancing couples, standers at the two cocktail bars which take the place of the usual orchestral pit, and hurrying waiters balancing trays. In fact, one feels an almost irresistible desire to seize one's companion and join in the gay whirl oneself. But, after the first quarter of an hour, a reaction sets in. There is very little plot, and such as there is is difficult to follow through the babel of noise and the constant movement on the stage. One feels as if one were actually at a cabaret show. Which is, in a way, a compliment to the producer, but is not so entertaining as it would be in reality. For at a cabaret there are always turns such as Gwenn Farrar and Norah Blaney and Giovanni for one's entertainment, and when one is not dancing oneself one can at least eat, drink, and (if conversationally inclined) be merry at the expense of the other dancers. "Wonder Bar" is a milk-and-water imitation of "Broadway," lacking the strong plot, humour, and human interest of the American play. Mr. Joseph Greenwald, as Sam Wonder, the proprietor of the Bar, did his best to hold the play together, but his lines are not amusing enough, nor has he a sufficiently dominating personality for the rôle. Miss Elsie Randolph had moments as Inez; while Mr. Carl Brisson was effective as a *gigolo*; and Miss Dorothy Dickson danced delightfully as the heroine whom he deceives, robs, and deserts.

TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS.

CRACKERS, whether designed for ornamental or more useful purposes, are always an essential part of Christmas. Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., Ltd., have, as usual, an excellent range of crackers and novelties for all tastes and purses. The pleasure that crackers give, especially at children's parties, establishes that air of festivity which is such an integral part of the season. The mauve "Artistic" crackers for table decoration are almost too beautiful to be destroyed! Each has a most realistic flower set in sprays of leaves as ornamentation, and contains imitation jewellery, perfumes, and other gifts. The "Roundabout" will be welcomed by every hostess of a children's party as a table decoration, consisting as it does of a toy roundabout which can really be set in motion after the crackers and dainty gifts have been stripped from it. The "Assorted Christmas Fruits" are an amusing and brightly-coloured novelty for the Christmas board—they will crack with the best, and contain brightly-coloured head-dresses. Midget crackers give a tasteful effect, and are extremely useful for decorating Christmas-trees—though only four inches long, each contains a small novelty. The "Riviera" series of monster crackers is a special feature of Messrs. Tom Smith's list of crackers, and contain miniature gondolas, shoes, china vases, Venus figures, mosaic brooches, domino masks, and so forth; while their "Princess" series, with a portrait of Princess Elizabeth on the box, and containing dolls and toys, should be a favourite with all very young Britons. Up to date are the "League of Nations" box and the "Atlantic Flight" assortment; while the "Vanity Box," we feel, will

exercise an innocent attraction on *jeunes invitées*, with its powder-puffs, mirrors, brooches, and perfumes. Finally, Messrs. Tom Smith's caps maintain their usual diversity in size and colour.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 1058.)

union (since 1919) with Yugoslavia, is described for travellers in a little book of pocket size—"DALMATIA." By Muriel Currey (Philip Allan: 5s.), designed to supply the lack of a post-war guide-book to tell the modern Viola what she should do in Illyria.

Let me commend also, to those who would study the working of a modern dictatorship, a very sincere and candid book entitled "LIFE IN SPAIN TO-DAY." By Charles Wicksteed Armstrong (Blackwood: 10s. 6d.). The author is an Englishman who lived in Spain throughout the régime of General Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella, and offers his book for comparison with conditions under the Russian Soviet and Italian Fascism, as well as with British democracy. The author himself prefers a Dictatorship, "provided the Dictator be a true patriot and a far-seeing statesman like Primo de Rivera." "In Spain," he concludes, "although we are taxed almost beyond endurance, we have the satisfaction of seeing great public works in progress on every hand. In France, the workers see their earnings spent on armaments. But in England, where taxation is highest of all, they suffer the chagrin of seeing the fruits of their labour used, more and more, for the creation of a pauper State." We once believed that an Englishman's home was his castle and a castle in Spain just a romantic dream. Things seem to have changed when a Briton confesses to having gone to Spain merely because he wanted to live in a comparatively free country. C. E. B.



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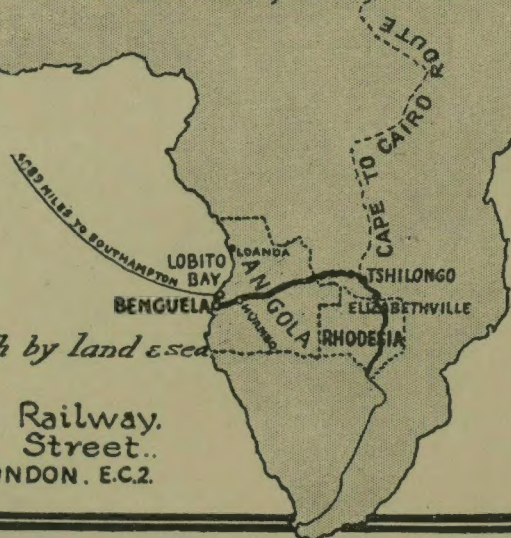
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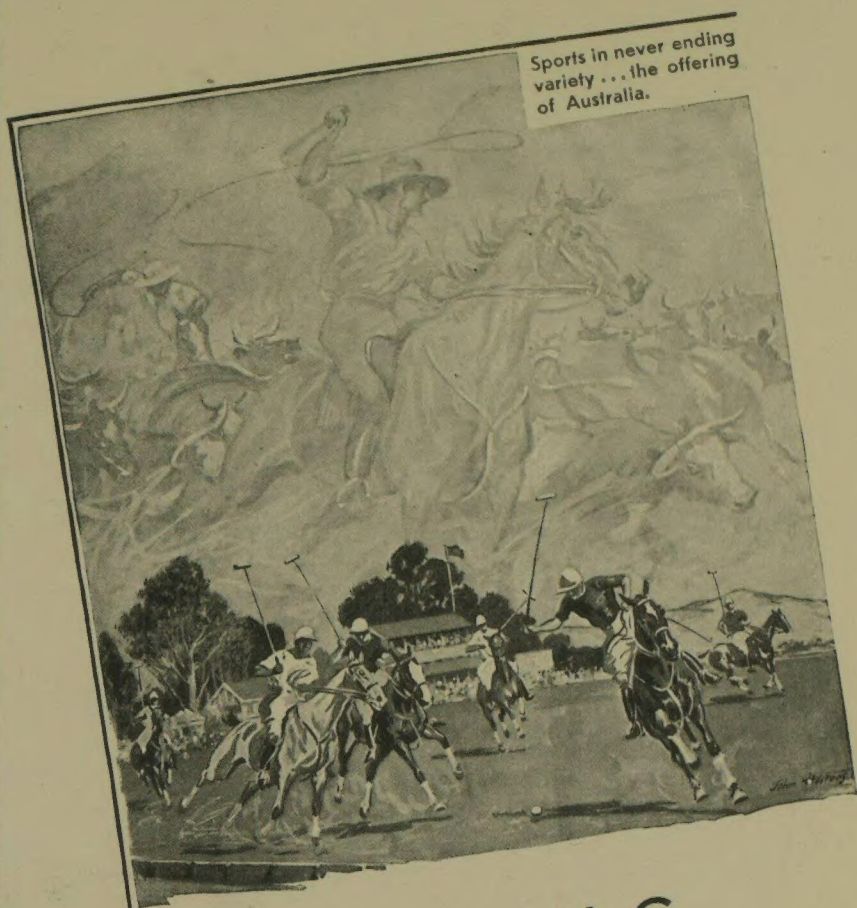
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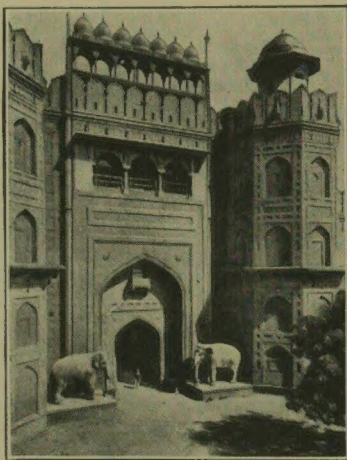
The public bought every copy we printed—and unfortunately many were disappointed. This year we anticipate an even bigger demand for the Christmas Number of **BRITANNIA** and **EVE**. It is a positive masterpiece of excellent short stories and articles—all sumptuously illustrated. The advertising pages are the most newsy ever, containing scores of delightful gift suggestions, illustrated profusely for your guidance. You'll find a wealth of present-giving ideas.

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"FOUR WEEKS AT DELHI IN THE DEVIL'S WIND."

By

Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn.

The dramatic outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and the attempt to restore the Mogul Empire.

AMID the countless courts of the precincts were many high-born Mogul ladies, those of whom Mrs. Steel has written so pathetically, living in seclusion on their pensions, many sons and grandsons of concubines, all the astounding back-lash of this once mighty court, and all seething with gossip and lesser intrigue. It is not to be wondered at that the British Government realised the mighty farce close to their greatest arsenal must soon come to an end. But it is clear how, within that palace, it had long been forgotten that the British alone had saved the Emperor and cherished his person for over half a century.

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